Saturday Review

May 28, 1966 35¢

RECORDINGS

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See "U Thant: The Early Years," by June Bingham (page 16)

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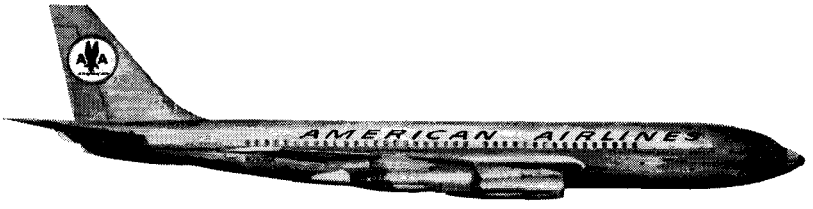

American built an airline for professional travellers.

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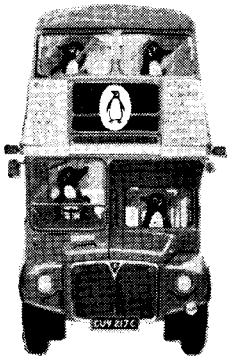

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DOUBLEDAY

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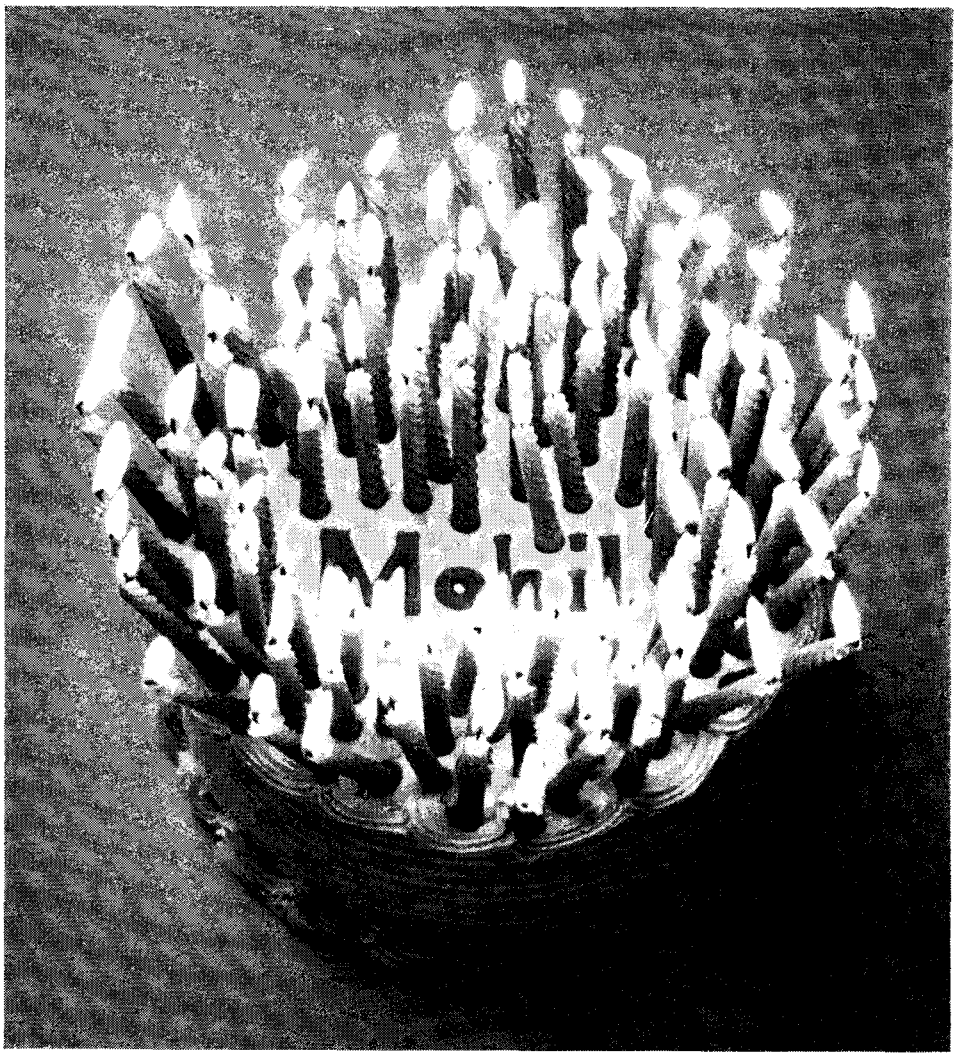
Why did we shorten our name on our 100th anniversary?



For one thing, there wasn't enough room on the cake.

For another thing, people haven't called us "Socony Mobil" for years. "Mobil" alone did the job just fine.

So it seemed logical enough to make the change on our 100th anniversary.

You like "Mobil." We like "Mobil."

And, after all, who else is there?

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Edited by Martin Levin

Kilmer, Thou Shouldst Be Living At This Hour

I think that I shall never show 'em
A tree as silly as a poem.

Trees are found on farms and ranches,
Neatly framed with trunks and branches.

Poems spurt from beats in attics,
Ancient drunks and young fanatics.

Lofty pines are ground into
The pulpy *Evergreen Review*.

Trees are grown from Rome to Nome,
But only fools can make a pome.

—Richard L. Greene.

One Shot

MAY I strike a note of caution on the growing perils of short-term employment in the automated age? Presumably the shorter, the more hazardous. Time was, back in the crinoline period, when a person would be paid for an odd day's work on the spot. At the end of the work day, the store owner, or whatever, would simply go to the till and compensate his employee for eight or nine hours of labor. But all that has changed.

I offer as evidence the one day I worked for the American Broadcasting Company as a news writer. Both sides thought my tenure would be longer, but because of an unexpected development for which ABC was not to blame, I decided to end my career on the same day it began. There was no reason to believe that my minuscule pay check wouldn't come along in two weeks, at the outside. But when, at the end of the third week, I still hadn't received it, I vaguely suspected difficulties.

A phone call to a friend at ABC confirmed my fears. "You'll get it," he assured me, "but we're running into trouble." There was no elaboration. The matter was taking on a mysterious tinge.

Photo Finish

One month later I got a call from him which helped clarify the situation. "What's happened," he explained, "is that the IBM machine they use in the payroll department isn't programmed to turn out a check for a single day's pay. But, don't worry. You'll get it."

Thoughts of madly clashing gears swirled through my head. I then began to wonder what, if anything, I might do to alleviate the crisis. Perhaps if I took my pay in stamps or ABC stock it would help. Or even worked four more days to round out the week, drastic as this solution might be.

Three months after my lone day of labor my friend called again. He had good news. "Everything is all set," he exclaimed. "Your check is being sent out this afternoon."

"How did you people finally figure the thing out?" I asked.

"We had to dip into a special fund for it," he replied.

The following day the check arrived, and with it a form letter. "You have been selected a WABC contest winner," it said. ABC ingenuity had triumphed over the machine. And, for the first time in my life, I had won something. My pay check.

—J. J. Haggerty.

Camera Time

The days are getting longer and camera hobbyists are actually taking pictures after supper. Old-timers sigh and shake their heads. With modern cameras and fast film, it is possible to take pictures just as long as a small bit of light remains.

It used to be that you could take pictures only from two hours after sunrise to two hours before sunset. Remember when you were a kid and parents would forbid you to use a camera in the late afternoon? It was an ironclad rule, like not going swimming until the Fourth of July, and then only if you hadn't eaten for six hours.

With the old box cameras, which had names like "Brownie" and "Kodak" and "Old Box Camera," there were a few things that could go wrong. To take a bad picture, you had the choice of twitching as you snapped the picture, pointing the camera into the sun, operating the camera in the shade, or getting too close to the subject. A good rule was to back away several hundred feet from people before you took the picture. You got everybody in that way. Old photograph albums are full of pictures of tiny Grandpa and Aunt Minnie and the kids —pygmies in the middle of the vast tundra. So what if you can't really make out the faces? The whole sequoia got in the picture, and that was the important thing.

Remember the little hole in the back

SRP-2

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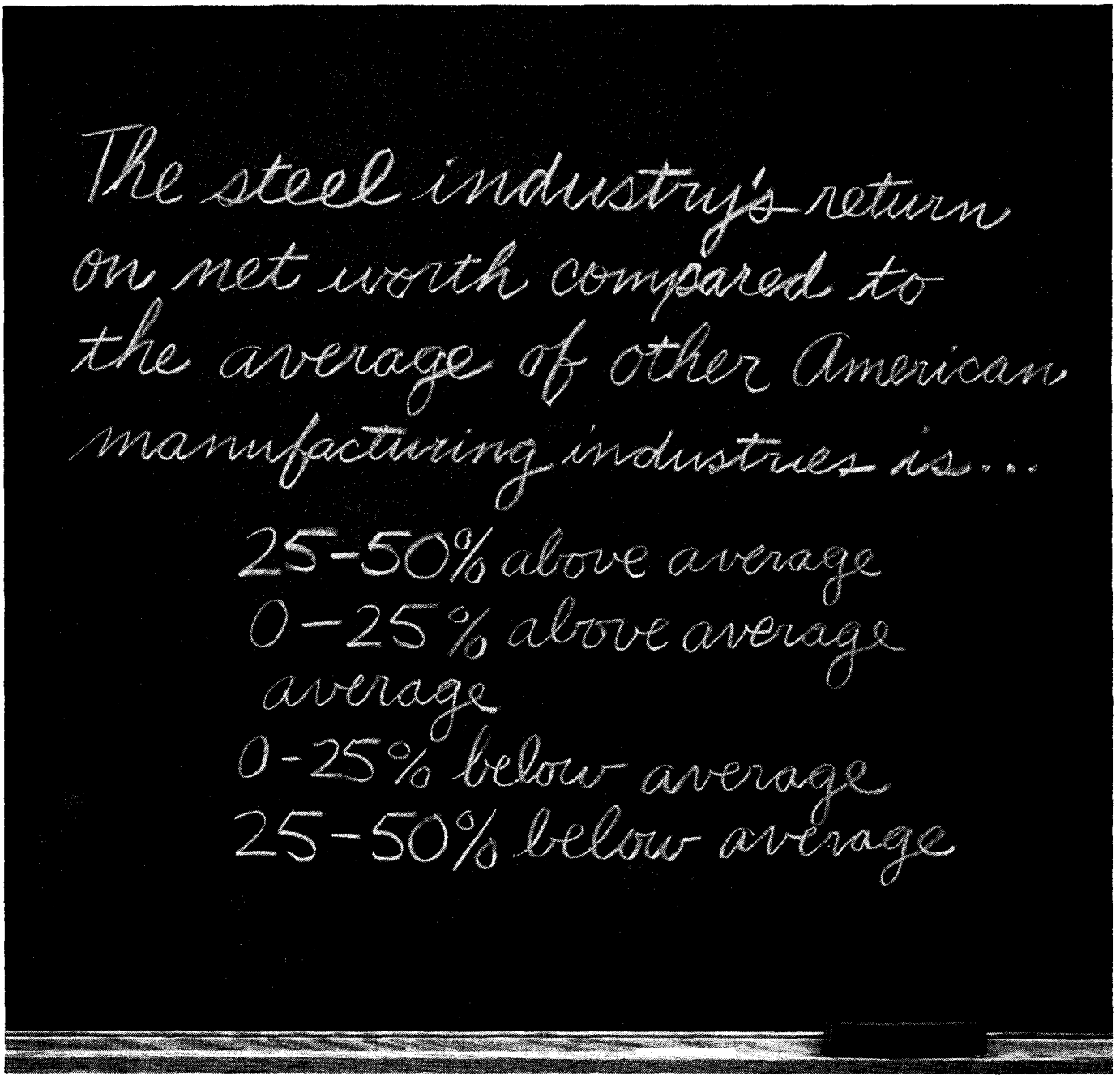
The steel industry's return on net worth compared to the average of other American manufacturing industries is...
25-50% above average
0-25% above average
average
0-25% below average
25-50% below average

9 out of 10 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

The First National City Bank of New York publishes annual studies of the leading American manufacturing industries. It shows that steel industry profits in 1965 were 31% *below* the average of the 41 industries surveyed . . . despite the fact that in 1965 the steel industry set an all-time high for production. To improve this situation, U. S. Steel is spending hundreds of millions of dollars each year for new, more efficient facilities.

USS United States Steel

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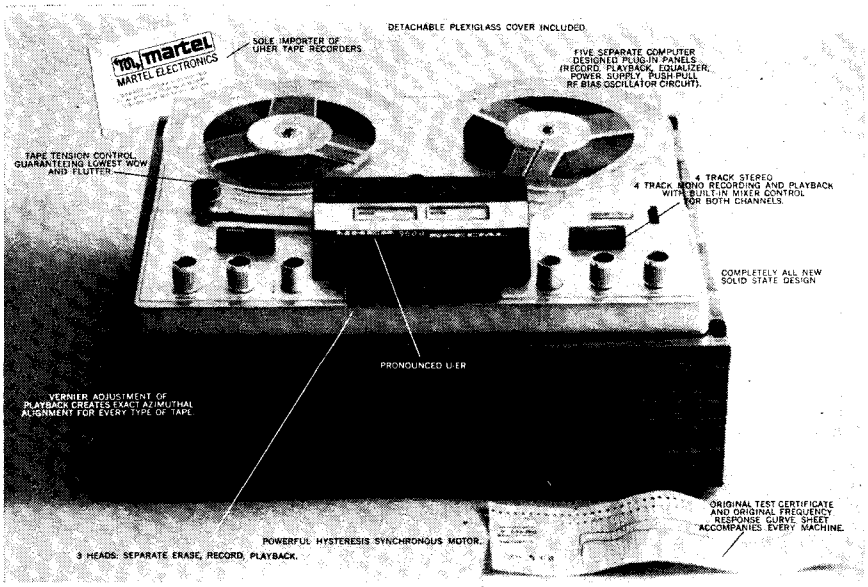
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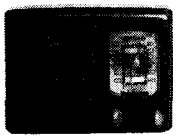

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of the camera, covered with red glass? Remember the excitement when you put the film in, closed the camera, and started to wind toward the first picture?

First some printing would slowly sneak by the hole. You never knew what the word was because the hole only showed part of it. Then you'd turn and turn. And suddenly, a little black pointing hand would appear, and you knew that the promise of the three little black dots was right around the corner. Then, the big Number "1." (Mothers and nervous uncles often snatched the camera away from children after the first black dot appeared, fearful lest the youngster commit the unforgivable sin of turning past the "1." A playmate of mine once turned the film past the "1" just before sundown. It was found out and he was never seen again.)

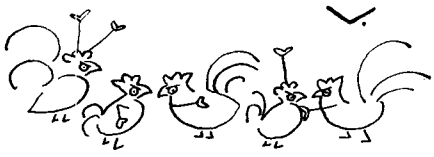
You had to put the film in straight and true, otherwise it would go off course and get stuck before you reached the three black dots. Then you had to go into the closet, and stay there until you lost your temper and came bursting into the light screaming and waving the long celluloid strip.

"Has the film been turned?" was the big question in those days. Some camera operators immediately turned the film to the next number after taking a picture; others didn't turn until they were ready to take a picture. You'd take the camera out to the beach and it would say "4" in the window. Had it been turned? A family conference would be called. Who took the last picture? What was the number?

The modern 35 mm. camera furnishes no such excitement, danger, and intrigue. It has an automatic counter, a clever view-finder which allows you to look in and see your own eye, and dials that can be set in hundreds of different combinations. You can stand inside the house and photograph the lovely mountains, at the same time keeping in sharp focus the fly on the window. Set the dials a different way, and you can take a picture of somebody's nose and leave the rest of his face blurred.

But there are just too many pictures on today's film. Eight was a sensible number. It takes years to get through the modern thirty-six-picture film. A friend of mine just got one back from the developers, and picture Number 1 was a shot of a bunch of Indians and men with funny black hats having a picnic at a long table. Nobody seems to remember when or where the picture was taken.

—Dereck Williamson.



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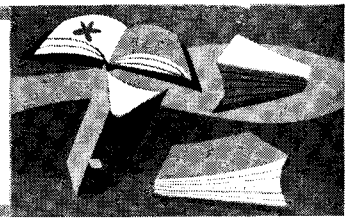
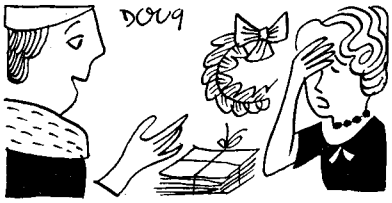
Trade Winds



It was a chilly afternoon in late November, in the aching frenzy of the Christmas rush. Mrs. Angus Dun, wife of the then-Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington, dropped a curled and yellowed manuscript before the tired eyes of Martha Johnson, who doubles as a literary agent and proprietor of the Francis Scott Key Bookshop, where



this action took place. "I am sorry, Martha," declared Kitty Dun, facing Martha Johnson squarely across the counter, "but you've simply got to drop everything and read this manuscript *now*."

Martha Johnson, who had a great deal of respect for both Kitty Dun and her husband, to say nothing of the Episcopal diocese, slapped a hand against her forehead and wailed piteously: "Oh, Kitty! Not *now*. Not before Christmas is over! Pul-lease."

Mrs. Dun, however, would have none of it. "No protests, Martha. Please," she said. "It's unbecoming. Do let me know how you feel about it?" And she skillfully picked her way through the shreds of Christmas ribbons, wrappings, and discarded cash register receipts to the door. Sometimes, Martha Johnson thought, being both a bookseller and a literary agent had its drawbacks.

The drawbacks Martha Johnson faced, however, were nothing compared to the vicissitudes that the yellowed manuscript had been through. In the previous six months this sheaf had moved through the slush piles of more editorial rooms than was gentlemanly to think about, and had accumulated more than its share of coffee stains, cigarette burns, and dog-ears. It also had accumulated a massive train of the mellifluous prose that characterizes the rejection slips that every writer worth his salt has amassed *ad nauseam*.

The marvel of it all was the varied and gentle euphemisms employed to convey exactly the same sentiment: Your manuscript is NG. Thanks, anyway, try someone else.

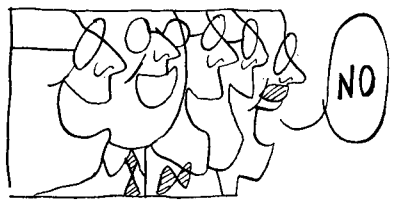
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, for instance, sent the manuscript merrily back with: "We are sorry that it does not seem to us to suggest a suitable addition to our small general list, and we are therefore returning it . . . ."

Harcourt, Brace & World propelled the manuscript back home with: "We want you to know your manuscript has received careful reading by one or more of our editors, and we do sincerely regret that it does not fit our publication plans. . . . Please accept our thanks for thinking of us, and our best wishes for success . . . ."

Doubleday offered these sentiments: "We have carefully considered the manuscript which you kindly submitted to us, and regret that we are unable to undertake its publication. . . . Our decision in regard to your book reflects merely our own editorial need and our own judgment of its sales possibilities on our particular list . . . ."

Grosset & Dunlap offered these condolences: "We appreciate your letting us see your manuscript, but we are sorry to report that we would not be able to consider it for publication as it is not appropriate to our list. . . . We wish you success in finding the right publisher . . . ."

Simon & Schuster said: "We do appreciate your having let us see the manu-



script, and regret that it is not something we can use . . . ."

Curtis Brown, Ltd., the literary agents, wrote: "I am sorry to say that I don't think we can help you. The material you mention does not appear to be anything we could be hopeful of placing. Thank you for thinking of us . . . ."

Harper's magazine commented: "We regret to say, after careful consideration, that we cannot use the manuscript which you have sent us. Thank you for giving us a chance to consider it."

Wrote *The New Yorker*: "We regret that we are unable to use the enclosed material. Thank you for giving us the opportunity to consider it."

There were others. Almost as many as there were magazines and book publishing houses, each with the same well-

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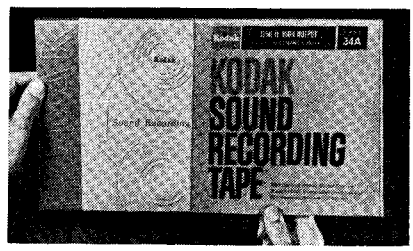

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turned phrase, so softly written and so hard to take.

But all this was before that late November afternoon. Weary as she was from the Christmas rush at the bookshop, Martha Johnson took the manuscript to her apartment and read it that evening.

She liked it.

She liked it enough to toss it into the lap of Jim Greg, a Macmillan salesman in the Washington area, who had to cool his heels waiting for it while the paying customers were waited on.

Jim Greg liked it.

He liked it enough to send it along to Betty Bartemly, a Macmillan editor in the home office.

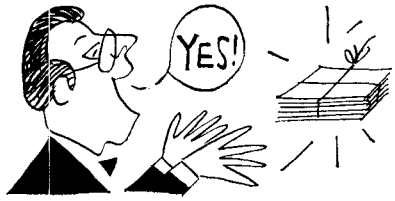
She liked it.

She liked it well enough to send a contract instead of a rejection letter, the language of the contract being less musical but much more lyrical.

The results were even more lyrical: Nearly thirty weeks on the best-seller list. More than 400,000 hard-cover sales, without the benefit of a major book club boost. And considerably more copies than that in the paper-back edition.

The title of the book: *O, Ye Jigs & Juleps*, the whimsical observations and commentary by Virginia Cary Hudson that have amused so many readers over the past few years.

Recently, a new collection by the



same author has appeared in the bookstalls, and it failed to collect a single rejection slip. The title: *Flapdoodle, Trust and Obey.*

Ironically, though, it is published by one of the houses that had previously joined the rejection parade of *O, Ye Jigs & Juleps*, Harper & Row.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1676)

Truman Capote:
IN COLD BLOOD

But* Autumns reward western Kansas for evils that the remaining seasons impose: winter's rough Colorado winds and hip-high sheep-slaughtering snows; the slushes and strange land fogs of spring; summer, when even crows seek the puny shade.

*Inserted to get the B.

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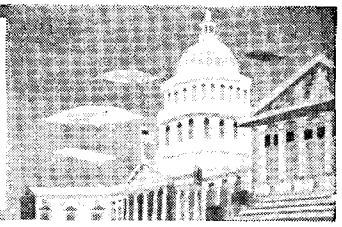
State of Affairs



One Man Who Mattered

WASHINGTON.

TO ANYONE who has lost faith in the power of the individual and his ability to assert himself in the world of industrial giants, the story of Ralph Nader is a reassuring one. For two years now he has been a one-man protest movement in defense of the civil rights of the automobile user. He has helped to force such shining symbols of American industrial success as General Motors and Ford to admit what they have never admitted before: that they share a greater responsibility for preventing death on the road and for bearing the burden of proof—until now borne by the consumer—that a car is unsafe.

Part of his success Mr. Nader attributes to the fact that Americans are "starving for acts of the individual in a conflict situation outside the sports arena." The public response to his crusade attests to that. Part also is due to the realization of the automobile industry that, unlike the steel and oil producers, it is extremely vulnerable to millions of people whose wrath can turn on its products.

He also readily admits that without the help of a Congressional committee he would have been less successful. Nor would his book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, have become a best-seller overnight without Congressional publicity. At the same time, the committee presided over by Senator Ribicoff would not have caught the headlines without the ammunition provided by Nader. How politically important an issue "car safety" seems to have become is reflected in a certain jealousy of Nader that seems to have developed within the Ribicoff committee lately.

Nader is tall, shy, and intense. He combines the boyish seriousness of a Princeton-Harvard graduate, the "bird-dog" perception of a crime reporter, and the sense of mission of a selfless crusader. He is a loner and his cause, he says, has eliminated privacy. He defines his role as one of a "catalyst." And although he is not a man of independent means, he feels he cannot afford to be put on anybody's payroll. When he worked for Senator Ribicoff's committee earlier this year it was on a voluntary basis, and if he has had any offers from the automobile industry they have been rejected. His book, however, originally turned down by leading publishers, ought to keep him in funds for some time.

His interest in the safety issue was first aroused when, as a student, he drove across the United States. Although he himself was never involved in an accident, he saw more than his share of accidents. The different patterns in which cars would crumble and deform fascinated him. Then at Harvard Law School he gravitated to that side of the law dealing with accidents and injuries. Studying its orientation, he found that it placed the burden of proof for any car defects —for the manufacturer's negligence— solely on the driver's shoulders.

This seeming distortion of the due process of law incensed him. But what finally drove him to protest was the realization of the "engineering potential," as he puts it, that the United States demonstrated in the post-Sputnik era—the ability "to invent the future" and the vast funds allocated for complicated journeys to the moon, while so very little seemed to him to have been done to improve man's fate in the automobile.

"These imperatives were so compelling then that I felt I had to make a fuller commitment," he says. "Moreover, I saw that this business of safety didn't really stir people much—but it gave me the necessary metabolism. I decided to relinquish the role of attorney and to take on a lawyer's. Instead of processing an injury claim I began to tackle the general accident problem, for the goal of the legal and medical professions in any area of human injury must be to put themselves out of business by searching for a safer environment."

And so Nader embarked on his crusade. It meant an ever increasing immersion in study of medical and technical

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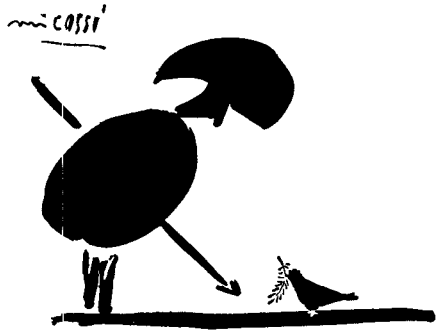
data on accidents, mostly from non-industry sources, though, ironically, many of the patent applications he used in his searches came from industry. The court files of accident and injury cases also yielded much useful evidence, as did many private studies that have never been published.

One of the revolutionary results of the Congressional investigation was the unprecedented decision by the automobile industry, in compliance with Senator Ribicoff's request, to make public a list of all the "recalls" for defects in American passenger cars in the past six years. Such cooperation doubtless would not have been so readily forthcoming if industry had not sensed public indignation. The wide press coverage, the letters that swamped the offices of Senators Ribicoff, Mondale, and Robert Kennedy, and the rapid increase in road deaths (the figures this year are already five per cent above last year's) were significant enough to show that the auto industry was in trouble and would be obliged to respond.

In one respect industry's disclosures—whether entirely justified or not as interpreted by Senator Ribicoff—got it into even deeper hot water, for people had not realized how defect-prone serial production is. From now on more care will be needed on the conveyer belt, and more money must be spent on safety research. For this the government plans to allocate $10,000,000, a sum Nader regards as pathetic, the more so when one considers that one of every five retail dollars goes for automotive transportation (including car maintenance, repairs, oil, insurance, etc.). The British Government, Nader says, spends the same amount on its highly competent Road Research Laboratory as the United States does in this sphere, though the number of cars on American roads is many times greater than that of Britain's.

Nader, like most crusaders, is a single-minded, relentless, demanding critic, and to hear him discuss the inadequacies of various autos not only leaves one wondering what sort of car to buy next, but it spoils the fun of driving. However, the nation now recognizes that much can be done to improve car safety. Perhaps only a man as uncompromising as Nader could have succeeded against such heavy odds. —HENRY BRANDON.



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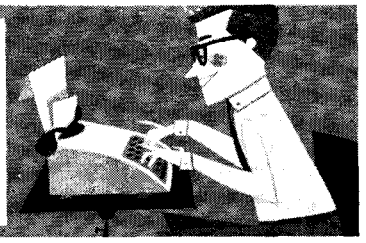
Top of My Head



A Cup of Coffee, a Muffin, and Me

WHERE ONCE the alarm with which pointers pointed was directed at creeping socialism, now the finger is being pointed at creeping inflation and creeping automation. This misbegotten daily double overtook me this past week in its most pernicious form.

They had been creeping up on me for some time. But the time they picked was early morning, when I emerge as an automaton to appear at my corner drugstore for my morning's cup of coffee and blueberry muffin. The tab which the counter boy laid before me read 30 cents. Practically overnight, while I was asleep, the night riders had stealthily raised the price for a cup of coffee and a blueberry muffin all the way from 25 cents to 30 cents.

Well, I couldn't wait to get to a phone to call President Johnson:

"Hello, is that you, Mr. President?"

"Who is this?"

"This is a citizen who wants to help you hold the line against inflation."

"Who?"

"I'm in a drugstore in mid-Manhattan and I always have a cup of coffee and a blueberry muffin. For years I've been paying 25 cents for a cup of coffee and a blueberry muffin. But this morning the check was 30 cents. I want to ask you, sir, is that within the guideposts you have been talking about?"

"Who did you say this is?"

"This is a citizen with a blueberry muffin. I know you told us not to buy anything with an inflated price—to ask ourselves if we really need it. But I *like* a blueberry muffin with my coffee. What I'm asking, sir, is for permission to keep having the blueberry muffin. Of course I want to do what's best for my country."

"That's a fine American spirit. What time is it now?"

"Eight-twenty, sir."

"Oh. Well thanks for calling, Mr. Muffin."

Thus encouraged I went back to my breakfast determined to have it out with the owner—the pharmacist—when I'd finished eating. To give up my blueberry muffin was unthinkable. Not that I'm hooked on blueberries. I don't like blueberries. If you're ever in a drugstore in mid-Manhattan and you see a man at the counter picking blueberries out of a muffin and laying them aside on his plate, it's me. I would order a blueberry muffin without the blueberries but they don't make them that way. So I go through this revolting ritual of picking out the blueberries.

When the pharmacist had finished mixing his day's tuna-fish salad I asked him about the inflated price of the muffin. He explained the price had actually gone up on the coffee. Well, that presented another problem. Having a blueberry muffin with water wouldn't do because our Mayor Lindsay has asked us to conserve water.

Now, I guess you're asking: "Which is greater—your patriotism for your country, which today stands alone, beset by a host of unfriendly nations inviting us to go home, or this miserable junior breakfast of a cup of coffee and a blueberry muffin?"

And well you may ask that. You might also ask, "Why don't you have your coffee at home?" But that's another pitiful story. We have a lady working for us who has been there many, many years. And her coffee is nothing to uh—well, it's nothing. I'm not an expert on coffee. I can't tell the difference between a good cup of coffee and a bad cup of coffee, but I can tell the difference between bad and extra bad. You've heard of a heavenly cup of coffee? Well, put that into reverse. Her coffee is chock full of something. I don't know what.

MY story to her is that I don't eat breakfast. I take a long morning walk. If ever you call my place and she tells you I'm taking my constitutional, you will know I'm in the drugstore across the street picking blueberries out of a muffin at the inflated price of 30 cents.

I know full well the perils of inflation. It hit me at the barbershop so suddenly that I had seriously planned to become a Beatle. Or, at the very least, a violin virtuoso. But I am now hooked on coffee with a blueberry muffin, the staff of life.

However, all is not lost. My tip remains stable. I had thought of cutting it to approximately half. But I don't know. It looks cluttered—pennies spread over the counter. And with all those blueberries. Messy.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Saturday Review
May 28, 1966

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—VI

Confessions of a Scientist-Humanist

A mathematician's insight into the significance of the all-encompassing unity that underlies diversity

By WARREN WEAVER

OBSERVATIONS, we have finally and painfully learned in science, depend upon the observer, and after each observation the observer is, perhaps by very little but nevertheless essentially, a different person. So I have to start by mentioning a few facts about my life.

My earliest curiosity was about how things are made and why they work. This led me by semantic error—my family and friends knowing the word "engineering" but being wholly vague about the word "science"—to my graduating from college with the degree of civil engineer. But it was during my sophomore year that the blazing beauty and power of differential and integral calculus were revealed by a great teacher, and I promptly knew that I wanted to move into mathematics and, eventually, into mathematical physics. So I went on to take a doctor's degree, and spent more than a dozen years teaching undergraduate mathematics to engineers, and the classical fields of mathematical physics to graduate students of physics.

Then came a reorienting. My friend and previous co-worker Max Mason had gone from the presidency of the University of Chicago to the Rockefeller Foundation, and he caused me to be invited to join that philanthropy as Director for the Natural Sciences. The phrase "natural sciences" there meant, in principle, "everything scientific except medicine"; however, it promptly began to mean, in operational terms, something different.

For, forced by the offer to think what a large philanthropic foundation ought to be doing, I rather suddenly realized that if such an agency were to have significant influence upon the development of science it ought not simply climb on a surfboard riding down a great wave that had been building for a century, and which was sweeping forward with majestic power—it ought to scan the horizon and try to help build a wave of the future.

Research in the physical sciences was, in 1932 when I faced this decision, moving forward with great vigor. The discouraged and complacent prediction of 1900 that there was nothing left to do but slightly to improve the accuracy of physical measurements had been blasted by Einstein, Planck, Bohr, and the genius of the "boy physicists" of the Twenties. Relativity and quantum theory were leading to the beginnings of modern high-energy particle physics, and startling and beautiful new results were fairly bursting forth. The *Physical Review* changed from a thin monthly to a massively thick bi-monthly; and over the world dozens of new journals appeared.

ALL this was wonderful, was amazing, and was lovely. But this wave needed no special encouragement. Interconnections with technology and with defense were assuring massive support from industry and government. The problem with that wave was not to build it up—the real problem, when one considered nuclear energy, was to determine whether this wave of unleashed physical power was becoming a tidal wave that might engulf us.

There was discernible, however, another wave—one ready to swell. For centuries other able scientists had been concerned not with physical but rather with living nature. Its incredible variety and complication was such that for long, early periods little was possible beyond collection, description, and classification. Then observation became more penetrating, and scientists began to study the parts of living things, their actions and interactions, and the overall behavior of living organisms.

But variety and complication, and the lack of tools with which to deal with such variety and complication, limited progress. By 1932, however, when the problem of deciding on a new program in science faced the Rockefeller Foundation, one could see that the situation had essentially changed.

For the various physical sciences, notably chemistry and physics but also that non-physical and essentially mental science, mathematics, had by then produced a whole array of new instruments, of new techniques of analysis, and of new general theories that promised to have the dexterity, precision, generality, and power to deal with the complex problems of living matter. It therefore seemed clear to me that the Rockefeller Foundation ought to concentrate upon developing modern experimental biology, or, more broadly and accurately, ought to concentrate upon financing the friendly invasion of the biological sciences by the physical sciences.

IT seemed equally clear to me that I was no person to head such a program, since my training and experience had all been in the physical sciences. I was wholly fascinated by the physical sciences, and was very happy in the job I already had. But the officials of the Rockefeller Foundation persuaded me; and coming to this fork in the road, I chose the unexpected and strange turning.

As a result of this decision I spent twenty-eight years in the Rockefeller

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Foundation with a wholly new range of problems. I had to reorient myself scientifically by self-study of the various biological disciplines. As my responsibilities were enlarged to include the foundation's activities in agriculture and medicine, my contacts with scientists and with problems spread from its previous base in the United States and Europe to South America, India, and the Far East. The emphasis continued to be, broadly speaking, upon biological problems; and much of this work was rooted in the physical sciences.

Thus through the lucky fortune of my work I have had an opportunity to have unusually wide exposure to the different kinds of science and to different parts of the world. At the same time I have also been intensely interested in a lot of other things—in reading, in music, in gardening, in the general experiences of travel. For more than forty-five years I have been an ardent collector of Lewis Carroll, with special interest in the translations of *Alice in Wonderland* into nearly fifty languages. I have been confused, and on the whole bored, by my attempts to read political history, but have been fascinated to read intellectual history. I have a pleasant but rather dazed curiosity about formal philosophy, a subject which I disliked for many years, until I became sensible enough to realize that it profoundly differs from science in that its interest and value do not depend upon its making progress in the solution of the problems with which it is concerned. I have a deep and sustained interest in religion.

Out of all this good fortune of broad interests and exposure, what have I learned? I have a few assorted convictions, and a main conclusion.

Of the widely assorted convictions I will merely list as samples: that childhood is usually an unhappy period (mine certainly was); that we do not take seriously enough the concerns, ideas, or abilities of children; that the central purpose of education should be to teach how to learn; that life's most important goals—such as happiness, to which I give a very high rating—must be attacked indirectly; that the luckiest persons are those who enjoy their work; that fun and gaiety are seriously important—solemnity, as Tristram Shandy reports a French wit to have said, being "a mysterious carriage of the body to cover defects of the mind"; that spelling is illogical, ridiculous, and unimportant; and that there is nothing worse than badly cooked vegetables, and nothing better than good cheese and Burgundy.

Turning from such trivia, the major thesis I will state is this: That as man's control of his environment has proceeded, giving him time to think and to make discoveries leading to further control, he has progressively uncovered more and more complication; but at the same time he has succeeded in discovering more and more unifying principles which accept the ever increasing variety, but recognize an underlying unity. He has, in short, discovered the many and the one.

Science has been a great leader in this process of revelation. But the process is by no means limited to science.

This view received a major scientific impetus when Copernicus, some four and a half centuries ago, removed the ancient but unsupportable simplicity of a fixed and central earth resting at the center of a revolving painted dome. The special position of our earth was at one stroke destroyed, and we became one of the countless billions of stars. Man should at that moment have realized that his own supposed special position in creation was also subject to challenge.

NOT long thereafter Galileo Galilei initiated the great series of theories that, while recognizing the wild variety with which objects can move, placed all these motions within the conceptual simplicity of the laws of dynamics. Starting with the pendulum and the falling feather and stone, he proved that the earth does indeed move; and his contemporary, Kepler, discovered the three laws that characterize the motions of all the planets. It has taken to the present to round out this ever improving story, with a major contribution from Clark Maxwell—who captured in four short and universal equations the laws that are obeyed by electrical quantities—and with a still more recent improvement provided by quantum dynamics. All of this has brought about the present-day result that for all objects whatsoever, from the elementary particles which make up atoms to the stars which make up the galaxies, however complex and various their motions may be, all these are cases included within unifying laws of austere generality.

We will see in a moment that all matter is included within an even more widely embracing unity; but let us turn for a moment to the world of living things.

The singularity of man was shaken by Copernicus in a manner that we have fully recognized only recently when we became aware that there may well be billions of other cold stars in the universe with earthlike properties and perhaps with sentient inhabitants. But the great blow to man's illusion of singularity came, of course, with Darwin. With many details still and stimulatively lacking, the evidence is overwhelming that all living creatures are kin. It is relatively easy to grasp superficial aspects of this tremendous fact—indeed, as one sees recent moving pictures of the great apes it cannot be judged difficult to acknowledge our kinship to them. But as one looks at the almost incredible and indeed bizarre variety and complexity of the animal world—especially the inhabitants of the sea—it requires a real effort to appreciate the interconnections and the underlying unity.

The diversity, however, is a surface phenomenon: When one looks under-

The author: Dr. Warren Weaver, internationally known mathematician, author, and administrator, was born in Reedsburg, Wisconsin, in 1894. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin (B.S., E.C., and Ph.D.), then taught at both Throop College (now the California Institute of Technology) and Wisconsin, where he was mathematics department chairman. Since 1932, first as a program director and vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation, then as an organizer and vice president (and now trustee and consultant) for the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, he has been instrumental in the administering of millions of dollars in grants that have made this country preeminent in the biological and medical sciences.

—*Harold Haliday Costain.*

Warren Weaver

His many awards include the Public Welfare Medal of the National Academy of Sciences, the Medal of Merit of the U.S. Government, and UNESCO's Kalinga Prize for the popularization of science. Among his books are *Mathematical Theory of Communication* (co-author); *Elementary Mathematical Analysis* (co-author); *The Electromagnetic Field* (co-author); *The Scientists Speak* (editor); and *Lady Luck—The Theory of Probability.*

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neath and within, the universal unity again becomes apparent. We remember the name of Gregor Mendel, curious about the variety in the blossom colors of the peas in his monastery garden at Brünn. His revolutionary ideas about genetic mechanisms have cut through all of the surface diversity of the inheritance of characteristics. In its present-day formulation in molecular genetics, we recognize the universality of the basic structure of the genetic apparatus, the lovely spiral molecules that store genetic information and code the messages that, passed along by a second "messenger" molecule, guide the synthesis of proteins. The DNA differs in fine detail between you and me—which is, in fact, a reason why you are you and I am I. But the main architecture of the DNA is the same in a virus, a mollusk, a rose, or a man; and the code used for the genetic messages is universal for all living things.

So, inside, all living things have now become brothers. Indeed they are more profoundly similar than the comparisons of their gene mechanisms might suggest. For one of the striking universalities of the whole biological kingdom is that not only the reproductive mechanism but also the metabolic mechanisms are essentially the same in the cells of a lizard, an eagle, and a man—indeed, in the single cell which constitutes all there is of an amoeba. Thus the so-called Krebs or citric acid cycle, within which are transformed the carbohydrates, fats, and proteins to furnish the chief source of metabolic energy, occurs within the single cells of practically all creatures.

Because of this striking and lovely fact that the inner patterns of life are closely similar in all forms, the biologist does not need always to experiment upon man to learn about man. He may choose convenient cases—neurospora for gene biochemistry, the giant axon of the squid for nerve conduction, the gentle albino rat for nutrition studies, the cat for a detailed study of visual patterns, flatworms or pigeons or porpoises for investigating learning.

With the motions of all dead matter put into universal formulae, and the revelation that all living things have deep common traits, two further steps remained. One of these, at the moment, is not completed; but no informed and responsible scientist doubts that any gap will much longer remain between the world of dead matter and the world of living matter.

THAT gap, previously so great, began suddenly to shrink in 1828 when the organic chemist F. Wöhler synthesized, from totally inorganic starting materials, a substance (urea) which is produced in living bodies and which, it was formerly held, could be produced only in a living body. By now chemists have synthesized thousands of these "organic" compounds. Indeed such syntheses are so common that they go unnoticed unless the case is one of great complexity and difficulty, and the basis has been removed for a biologically based distinction between "organic" and "inorganic" chemistry.

A much more important narrowing of the gap, however, results from the fact that we are on the very verge of producing, in glass dishes in the laboratory and starting from wholly dead matter, an object which we will have to recognize as being alive. This object will presumably be a virus. These entities are known to share characteristic properties of both the inanimate and animate world. On the one hand they reproduce their kind; but on the other hand, as purified crystalline material they can be stored in a bottle indefinitely. The possibility of a laboratory-produced "living thing" is so tremendous, so awesome a fact, that some believe it better not to think about it.

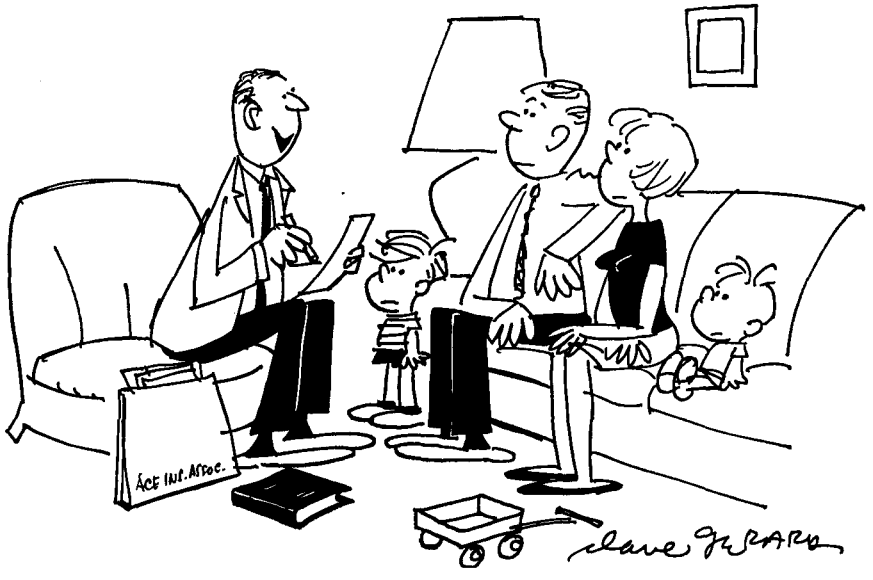
There is further evidence of this closing of the gap between deadness and life. The last quarter-century has seen the birth and lusty development of a new hybrid science—molecular biology. It seeks to explain all biological phenomena in terms of the properties of molecules—that is to say, in terms of the laws of physics. I do not add "and of chemistry," for at this fundamental level the distinction between physics and chemistry is another instance of a variety which has become unimportant.

The triumphs of molecular biology have, to date, been primarily in genetics; but it is clear that a molecular biology of neurophysiology is about to evolve that will bring an explanation on the molecular level of memory, of learning, and indeed of the entire mind-brain-body relationship.

Although the living world holds the record for variety, with about 1,000,000 species and subspecies of plants and perhaps 2,500,000 of animals, nevertheless the world of inanimate objects is also complex. At present the physicist recognizes 104 basic kinds of elements, of which eighty-one are stable (hydrogen, helium, oxygen, carbon, iron, etc.), and twenty-three are radioactive (radium, thorium, etc.). The total count of nuclear species, including all the stable and unstable isotopes that are variants of the elements, is 1,511 at present, with about twenty additional ones being discovered each year.

Are there relations between these inanimate units out of which everything is built? Can one be transformed into or evolve into another? The answer depends upon whom you ask and when. The Greeks, the alchemists of the thirteenth century, Dr. William Prout in 1815-16, and modern physicists all say yes. A century ago any sober scientist would have said no, and would probably have scoffed at the questioner.

Indeed we now have a detailed and experimentally confirmed theory that explains how hydrogen, at the incredibly high temperatures within stars, "burns" to yield helium—and energy and more hydrogen as well, so that the process goes on and on. Three helium nuclei, in turn, can fuse to form carbon, with oxygen and helium nuclei as byproducts. And so on and so on, the theory explaining, in good general agreement with the facts as far as we know them, the relative abundance in our universe of practically all the various physical elements. Thus, granting that details are still to be worked out, the physicists' theory of inorganic evolution is much more analyti-



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cal and quantitative than the biologists' theory of organic evolution. The latter, for example, could not attempt to predict the equilibrium ratios between the total numbers of amoebae, ants, robins, chimps, and men.

Here again, then, is a story of the uncovering of tremendous variety and complexity—but the further discovery of the unifying relations that underlie and embrace all the complexity. The story, however, does not stop here, for there is one more major chapter.

That is the chapter which truly connects the dead world with the living world. The outlines of that chapter have as yet only been sketched. We have mentioned the initial clues of the synthesis of urea and the dual nature of viruses. But we have indeed seen the border between the living and the non-living blur and become indistinct. Modern science is, in fact, now engaged in connecting the discovery of the prior act of the inorganic evolution of the elements with the second—and in our present view, culminating—act of the evolution of the living world. That is to say, science is now joining inorganic and organic evolution into a single grand pattern.

This joining is by no means complete at the moment, and even the partial results are still being debated. But there is direct evidence that in a primitive atmosphere of hydrogen, methane, ammonia, and water vapor an electric discharge can bring about the formation of several amino acids. These are substances which are the building blocks of protein, and proteins, as the word indicates, are the basic stuff of life. This story is only beginning to unfold, and much detail remains unexplored; but as always, the detail, confused at first, will fall into a pattern of overall simplicity.

Important as is this pageant of the discovery that the surface diversity of all nature is in fact superficial, being underlaid by an all-embracing unity, this is not all, for the materials and mechanics of life are not life. So, it seems to me, we should take still greater satisfaction in the evidence of the growing unification of the humane aspects of life. This even shows up in that most fractionated of all fields, world politics: For though we are still in the early stages of maturation which, tragically, may not occur soon enough, the mere fact of a world organization, the mere fact that favored nations are concerned about the ill-favored—this, we must remember in moments of discouragement, represents tremendous progress.

There is a sense of growing inner unity in the world of religion, with present-day ecumenical movements that would have been unbelievable even a half-century ago. The planet-wide worlds of art, of music, of literature, are unified as has never before been the case. Transport and communication bind us all together as never before. At times we resent the efficiency of communication, longing for the good old days when we did not know of the famines, plagues, riots, and insurrections that were torturing our fellow creatures. But as has been true in science, the complication must come to the surface and be recognized and faced before underlying unity can prevail.

"They're not my folks. I thought they were your folks."

The world of science has long been an internationalized world, and now that the true nature of science is more generally realized, science can join forces with the arts and humanities and with philosophy and religion. For we now know that science is motivated by curiosity, inspired by imagination, and based on faith. We know that it seeks increasing order, and does not pretend to deal with immutable truth. Magnificent as science is, and superbly useful as are its applications, we know that its apparent objectivity is only superficial, its pronouncements always open to revision. We know that, as is all art, it is culture-bound.

What then have I learned from a life spent chiefly in science, but also partly in the library and in the garden? It is that life is stimulatingly, deliciously complicated—but is all of one piece. We are built to appreciate variety, but to seek and recognize unity.

The variety of life cannot be disregarded. Variety is inevitable and desirable, but variety must be either resisted or accommodated and appreciated. To resist variety leads to sinful disaster. To recognize and tolerate variety and to penetrate it so as to discover the underlying unity is the common-good way of science, the arts, and religion.

When this way is pursued, what final lesson is then learned? It is that the ultimate unifying virtues are order, beauty, faith, and love. The emphasis in science is upon the first of these four words, slowly tapering off on the remaining three. The emphasis of religion, on the other hand, increases from first to last in this list, culminating on the final word. The arts and the humanities primarily emphasize the central two. But the underlying unity being what it is, all are concerned with all.

"All things," wrote Heraclitus, "come out of the one; and the one out of all things."

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U THANT: THE EARLY YEARS

By JUNE BINGHAM

ON THE BANKS of the silty, warm Pantanaw River in British Burma some forty years ago a boy was preparing for his daily swim. With care he placed his two favorite books, a Shakespeare and a Conan Doyle, in the shade of a tamarind tree. He kicked off his sandals, removed his collarless shirt, tucked up his ankle-length, sarong-like *longyi*, plunged into the water, and swam the breaststroke with energy rather than form. At fifteen, U Thant took pride in keeping "fit," and for a Burmese provincial in 1924, a well-exercised, well-fed body was the only insurance against dysenteries, malaria, leprosy, and other prevalent tropical woes.

In addition to swimming, Thant and his three younger brothers enjoyed hiking and Burmese cane-ball, sports which, like swimming, need not be competitive. But Thant's greatest enjoyments were literary. His father, a cultured businessman, was the only person in the town of Pantanaw who could read and write English ("the language of the heretics," according to some devout Burmese Buddhists). At fifteen Thant had published his first article in English, in *Burmese Boy*, the magazine of the Boy Scouts. Yet the career he yearned to follow, that of a columnist, seemed beyond his reach.

His father had died the previous year, and the family rice-mill and other properties, instead of going automatically to the widow and four sons, had, through a kind of legal shenanigan not unusual in the colonies, been diverted into the pocket of an in-law.

Thant's mother, a slim, erect, devout woman, today in her eighties, turned to her eldest son for help and advice. He was already taller than his mother and, in terms of books, better educated. He concluded that he should go to Rangoon University for only two years instead of the full four, then return and teach in the Pantanaw National High School, and thus earn enough for the higher education of his brothers. At the same time he would be helping his pupils to develop the cultural self-consciousness and national self-confidence necessary for Burma's breaking free of British rule.

AT the university Thant continued his swimming and hiking, was elected joint secretary of the Philosophical Association and secretary of the Literary and Debating Society. He also wrote letters to leading newspapers, offering, with the temporary omniscience of the late teenager, simple moral solutions to complex political problems. He also made some lifelong friends. One was U Nu, who later became the first prime minister of independent Burma. Another, U Myo Min, said of Thant in retrospect:

> His behavior was always gentlemanly [but] he wasn't really meek or mild. He just didn't like taking part in quarrels or rough horseplay. He would be the observer rather than the participant. . . . Everyone knew he would do well in his studies but he didn't make a show of brilliance.

Still another friend of U Thant was a Briton, J. S. Furnivall, a tall, thin, retired Indian Civil Service officer who had a bookstore near the university and a passion for improving Burmese education. He tried to persuade Thant to enter the civil service. But this would have meant two extra years at the university. Thant kept to his original schedule, returning to Pantanaw in 1928, a "senior master" at the age of nineteen.

He continued, however, to correspond with Furnivall and to win translation competitions in Furnivall's bi-monthly magazine, *The World of Books*. Thant's pen name was "Thilawa," after a seventeenth-century Burmese noble who was reputed to have smiled only three times in his life. Thilawa symbolized the kind of serenity that Thant was hoping to attain by daily Buddhist meditation.

This meditation, he says today, involves a closing of the senses to outer reality and a concentration on inner reality: "You could set off a firecracker next to a person really meditating and he would not hear it; you could wave Chanel Number 5 under his nose and he would not smell it." The result is comparable to the action of the lungs on the blood: Impurities and fatigue are removed. One emerges from a successful experience of meditation, Thant says, with a feeling of "give my love to everybody" (*metta pura*).

Three years after his return to Pantanaw, Thant took the nationwide teachership examination. He won the highest marks in the country and was appointed headmaster of the Pantanaw School. But he continued to do some teaching. When the post above him, that of school superintendent, fell vacant, Thant wrote to his friend U Nu, who came, saw, conquered, and in time eloped with the daughter of the head of the school board. U Thant then was appointed to fill U Nu's place.

U Nu went back to Rangoon University, where he became president of the Students' Union, a group of young nationalists, one of whom—Aung San—later was to become "the George Washington of Burma." U Thant became acquainted with Aung San through a controversy in Furnivall's *The World of Books*. In a regular column called "From My School Window" Thant deplored the idea of uniforms for students. Aung San wrote an emphatic rebuttal. Uniforms, Aung San said, would build discipline and a nationalistic spirit. Dr. Maung Maung, today chief judge of the Chief Court in Rangoon, later recalled that "a wordy war was fought between them, in the course of which a lasting friendship was struck."

In 1934 he married. The marriage was "arranged," in keeping with Burmese custom, but it was mutually pleasing—his wife is quiet, devout, and domestically gifted, sharing her husband's sense of humor but not his knowledge of English. By the early 1940s they had a daughter, a son, and a foster son.

WORLD War II brought a Japanese invasion that drove the British out of Burma and into India, resulting in a puppet Burmese government in Rangoon. U Nu and Aung San were made ministers, and in May 1942 Superintendent Thant was summoned from Pantanaw to blueprint a reorganization of Burmese education. Rangoon was chaotic; refugees streamed in from the countryside, and Allied bombers roared overhead. As U Thant later said:

> I was not happy at all. It was much worse than the British system. There were too many Japanese advisers. They called themselves advisers but really they ruled. Life in Rangoon grew

The author is the wife of U.S. Representative Jonathan B. Bingham, former American Ambassador to the U.N. This article, adapted from *Vista*, the magazine of the United Nations Association of the U.S.A., is based on her new book *U Thant: The Search for Peace* (Knopf, $5.95).

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pretty hot. Not only the bombing. I was a target of Japanese suspicion. I was thought to be pro-British.

When U Thant finished his job, he went back to Pantanaw. There he and four friends defied the death penalty by listening each night to news from abroad via short-wave radio. When U Thant was contacted by the underground Burmese Resistance forces, he helped them store rice against the time of uprising. In March 1945 the Burmese, led by General Aung San, rose against the Japanese and were liberated. After Winston Churchill was succeeded by Clement Attlee, Aung San was able to negotiate independence from the British.

IN 1947, a few months before Burma's scheduled independence, Aung San and many of his top assistants were murdered on orders of a Burmese right-wing antagonist. As with the murder of Lincoln, this seriously undermined the impetus toward unity in a war-ravaged land. U Nu became prime minister, and, only a few months after independence in January 1948, there began the armed insurgencies by Communists and minority groups that bedevil Burma to this day.

U Thant, meanwhile, had moved to Rangoon with his family and raised the money to found a new magazine. His dream of becoming a journalist seemed about to be realized. However, after the assassinations, U Nu asked him to serve as press secretary to the new government-in-the-making. For U Thant public service has ever counted more than private preference, and his hopes for the magazine were buried with Aung San.

Thereafter he fulfilled Furnivall's dream for him by becoming a civil servant and rising to the top. Not only was he appointed Secretary in an important ministry—Information—but in 1954 U Nu created a special job for him, Secretary to the Prime Minister, and then added to it the job of Secretary to the Economic and Social Board.

Here U Thant received excellent training for a future Secretary General. For one thing, he learned to delegate authority. Today one of his Under Secretaries says, "He trusts us so much that we feel a greater responsibility, and we work twice as hard as we would if he were constantly checking on us."

Second, he learned to deal with the press. Among media representatives at the U.N. today there is great appreciation for Thant's willingness to be frank with them (although some of Thant's aides think he is too trusting and that his trust, on occasion, has been abused).

Third, he learned many techniques of applying economic and social aid in underdeveloped countries. Today 85 per cent of the U.N.'s work is in that field.

Fourth, he learned to get along with politicians who were not getting along with one another. Today at the U.N. when there are disputes among member nations the Secretary General listens sympathetically to each side, works long and patiently in the background, and lets such credit as emerges go to the principals involved.

Fifth, he learned about the world, travelling on both sides of the Iron Curtain. He also met most of the world's leaders, many of whom he is frequently in touch with as Secretary General.

Finally, he was instrumental in the planning and holding of the Bandung Conference of 1955. This was where Afro-Asian solidarity was established and neutralism proclaimed in its most basic form: namely, as the refusal to join militarily with either side of the Cold War. Today the Bandung nations comprise more than half the U.N. membership, and their understanding, as well as that of the principals in the Cold War, must be won if a U.N. measure is to be approved and succeed in the long run.

In 1957, U Nu offered U Thant the post of Burma's Permanent Representative to the U.N. U Thant was enthusiastic and moved his family to New York. He spoke out frequently at the U.N. and at meetings throughout the United States. Chief among his subjects was Burma's form of socialism, a combination of private farms and homes, with public ownership of the basic means of production; another was the importance of individual liberties. "I am against tyranny, in any form," he said.

His colleagues chose him to chair the U.N. Development Fund, the Working Committee on Algerian Freedom, and the Congo Conciliation Commission. Despite several changes of government in Rangoon he stayed at his post in New York. After the death of Dag Hammarskjöld in September 1961 on a mission of peace for the Congo, the Soviets tried —and failed—to create a U.N. *troika*: three Secretaries General, one from each side of the Iron Curtain and one from the neutral nations, with agreement of all three required before action could be taken. U Thant, with typical modesty, claims that he was chosen because he came from a non-aligned country in a strategic part of the world.

HAMMARSKJOLD and Thant were alike in their devotion to the world organization. But as persons they could scarcely have been more different. Hammarskjöld generated electricity; you vibrated in his presence like a tight wire in a high wind; U Thant de-fuses people when they are wrought up. Hammarskjöld, the Christian, was a mystic; Thant, the Buddhist, is a pragmatist (one of the U.N. aides who worked with both of them has compared Hammarskjöld to Pope Pius and U Thant to Pope John). Hammarskjöld liked authority centered in his own hands; Thant likes to delegate it. Hammarskjöld, mercurial, was thrilling to work for but demanding; Thant is unfailingly courteous, humorous, and serene. Hammarskjöld, the trained diplomat, spoke mainly for the ear of the Foreign Offices; Thant, the former teacher, speaks to the peoples of the world, the mute hundreds of millions who yearn for peace and who, except for him, have no other single voice.

In speaking out as frankly as he does, Thant has at times caused anger in the White House, the Kremlin, and among the unaligned nations. But this in itself does not bother him. He knows, as did Hammarskjöld and Trygve Lie before him, that a Secretary General cannot please all of the people all of the time.

"It's beautiful, but why call it Mesopotamia?"

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Government by Public Opinion Polls

THE TIME HAS COME to reopen discussion of what public opinion polls are for. I once wrote an article which was called, "So the Blind Shall Not Lead," in which I expressed my convictions about the proper functions of polls. In it I said that enlightened self-government existed when the majority of *all* the public had for its objectives the things that the most enlightened and fair-minded and disinterested people would approve. I also expressed the view that the average citizen was both more intelligent and less informed than was commonly thought, and that the first duty of the polls was to explore the areas of public ignorance so that leaders could know when to disregard uninformed "majority" opinion, and educators could know better the direction in which their jobs lie.

I still believe the polls can help in creating the informed public on which responsible democracy depends. But I am more worried than I was then about the impact of *uninformed* public opinion on government policy—city, state, and national. The sad truth is that, however much the median years of schooling—and with it enlightenment—may have gone up in the twenty-five years since my original article was published, a large part of the public is still uninformed or misinformed about the facts and issues on which national policy is based. And compounding the damage to democracy of this state of affairs is the persistence of a dangerous opinion about the polls: that polls exist to tell leaders what to do. Perhaps few government officials would subscribe to the doctrine in this extreme form. But milder forms of dependence on poll results can subtly but seriously weaken the quality of leadership—which is, or ought to be, what we elect our officials for.

The fact is that majority opinion is often based on inadequate facts and sometimes on impulsive emotions. Take the level of approval given Presidents, for example, on which careful measurements have been made since the early Roosevelt years. To get a little distance from the partisan passions of today, let's look at the popular ups and downs of President Eisenhower.

APPROVAL of Eisenhower rose after the Korean armistice, as might well have been expected. But it rose again after the 1954 truce in Indochina, which was hardly Mr. Eisenhower's doing, as if he were somehow identified with the coming of peace everywhere in the world. His "approval" scale rose after his first, highly successful Geneva Summit meeting in 1955 when he reached through the barriers of mutual distrust to offer "Open Skies." But it also went up on his return from the disastrous Paris Summit five years later.

In 1958, when the President took a militant stand on defending the Chinese offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, a detailed survey of public knowledge and attitudes showed that the public was strongly opposed to fighting for the offshore islands, but nevertheless—at the same time—supported Eisenhower's "handling of foreign affairs." Apparently either they did not know what he was advocating, or they didn't believe what he said. It also showed that the least informed people, who were also the most opposed to a fight, gave Mr. Eisenhower his strongest support!

Going on to the Kennedy years, the polls show that President Kennedy's highest peak of approval, an upsurge of sentiment matched by neither his predecessor nor his successor in office, was just after the Bay of Pigs. He never rose so high again in measured public esteem. Even after the "eyeball to eyeball" confrontation with Khrushchev over missiles to Cuba in the fall of 1962, generally considered his greatest victory, approval never reached the level he received following that first fiasco.

So much for the significance of Presidential "approval." There are, of course, emotional reasons, psychological reasons, for all these surges of approval. Sometimes they express genuine approval; other times they are inspired by emotions of loyalty or even sympathy in times of stress. The one thing they are usually not inspired by is a reasoned evaluation of Presidential policies. There are those who make such evaluations, of course, but they are a distinct minority, and their voices are lost in the majority measurements of the polls. So there are times when majority support provides no guide at all to the wisdom of specific policies. There are also times when people support governmental policies because they can think of no better alternative, but when they nevertheless feel strongly that there *ought* to be one.

EVERY leader in a democracy—at every level—should keep informed about the state of public opinion. Although it may not always be reasoned, the *emotions* on which it is based are usually significant. For example, the basic emotion underlying public opinion since World War II has been the horror of war, which is probably the deepest and most valid emotion of our time. And a leader should cultivate a particular sensitivity to *informed* opinion, which is harder to measure but more apt to yield valuable policy suggestions. But awareness of that opinion cannot lift his essential burden, which is to lead.

A leader has been elected by an often uncertain and ill-informed public because of its belief that *he* is informed enough, imaginative enough, wise enough, and courageous enough to formulate and carry out the wisest policies. They have elected him for his capacity for leadership. The test of that leadership is not in the crucible of public opinion, but in the crucible of events. Amidst the terrible realities of today's events, we need all the informed, imaginative, wise, and courageous leadership we can get.

—ELMO ROPER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Making History Live

JACK VALENTI's article on Thomas Babington Macauley [*SR*, Apr. 30] is one of the finest things you have published in months.

My first introduction to Macauley came fifty-five years ago, when I was fifteen and a teacher in high school gave me Macauley's *Life of Samuel Johnson* to read. Macauley has the flair for making events of history happen in our own imaginations as vividly as if we had been present. Nothing obscure; everything glitteringly plain and bright! Witness the description (in the *History*) of the execution of Charles II's natural son, The Duke of Monmouth, or that of James II's having a Roman Catholic priest say the Holy Mass in the royal chapel, with the Protestants tumbling over one another in their riotous haste to escape at the elevation of the Host!

But one omission by Mr. Valenti bothers me. Why did he omit the name of the American historian Francis Parkman from his list of those who, like Macauley, "make the reading of history sheer fun"? Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* does that for some of us, too.

THEODORE KENWORTH.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

History as Witness

THE ARTICLE by Hugo Portisch, "Eyewitness in Red China" [*SR*, Apr. 30], was interesting and informative, but repeated a myth which must be rejected. In reference to education, welfare, employment, cleanliness, etc., he wrote: "The Communist government has done only what democratic governments in Europe and the United States have achieved without cruelty and harshness." Apparently Mr. Portisch has forgotten the industrial history of both Europe and the United States, particularly concerning textiles, mines, and railroads. When we learn to make self-determination a reality, through genuine equality of economic opportunity for all, perhaps our relations with other countries, even with Red China, will become healthier.

ROBERT A. PARRIS.

Azusa, Calif.

ALL THIS COULD HAVE BEEN DONE—and, indeed, would have been done—by a democratic government? In that case why, in India, that showplace of Asian democracy, are thousands suffering from hunger and why, in spite of billions of dollars of foreign aid in the last eighteen years, is the country worse off now than it was before the British left?

MRS. W. BURCHILL.

Victoria, B.C.

Grades and Draft Boards

N. C.'s EDITORIAL, "Russian Roulette in the Classroom" [*SR*, Apr. 23], has such virtue and power that it is hard to decide which part of it is the more effective. The same day I read your editorial came the Washington College *Elm* with an editorial "Pass/Fail Grading." It said in part: ". . . The increasing pressure on male students has undoubtedly made many of them wary of taking courses that might lower their overall scholastic averages and their class rank. Thus, while a course may be highly desirable from the standpoint of the student's general education, the student may refrain from taking the course because concern over class rank has become overwhelming."

GEORGE D. OLDS.

Easton, Md.

I AGREE with your statement, "The new draft regulations are helping to reduce to an absurdity the role of marks in the making of an educated man." This was brought out the other evening when on a local TV news program, several professors from UCLA were interviewed, and they agreed that if a male student was borderline so far as the grade required to keep him from being drafted, they would give him that higher grade! Although I can certainly feel empathy for the young men who don't want to go to Vietnam, I still can't condone this practice of giving them a better grade than they really earned.

GLADYS BEHLING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"Maybe I'm getting old, but I swear one pitch came over that was neither a ball or a strike."

A Funny Kind of Girl

I WAS AMAZED to read Goodman Ace's "Fan Letter to Streisand" [*SR*, Apr. 16], since his concept of what is expected from a talented individual is all wet. No matter what the press and public demand, Miss Streisand has a perfect right to behave as she wishes.

LOIS MARINO.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

SOME LETTERS in this column seem to be paraphrasing another Barbra, Barbra Fritchie: "Shoot if you must this old gray head" but lay off the talented Streisand. The point was not that she kept a *New York Times* interviewer waiting three and a half hours and then said: "OK, I'll give you twenty minutes." Substitute "anybody" for "*Times* interviewer," and "I'm sorry" for "I'll give you twenty minutes," and "mannered" for "talented," and you'll be a lot closer.

The issue is not "How big can you get?" or "Who does she think she is?" or "Get her!" The question is simply "Would you want your brother to marry that kind of a girl?"

GOODMAN ACE.

New York, N.Y.

Evolution Before Birth

I WOULD LIKE to discuss the very good letter from Mrs. William Prentiss [*SR*, Feb. 26] about the struggle against the "savage" in her three little children. Scientists say, and I believe them, that the embryo in the mother's womb during the forty weeks of its stay there goes through all the evolutionary stages which *Homo sapiens* passed through in 40,000,000 years. After birth, too, *Homo sapiens* during forty years goes through the stages of civilization man has gone through until he became the present American citizen.

The savage in the child is the savage of early civilization. It cannot be escaped from; nor is it good to suppress it. John Ciardi knows this.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

Madras, India

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Artists as They See Themselves

IT HAS BECOME fashionable in some circles to believe that criticism is the genesis of present-day art, and that modern art could scarcely exist without modern criticism. Several recent writings, in fact, claim that the "new critic" has been instrumental in the invention of the "new art," that his clairvoyant words are the guideposts for current painters and sculptors.

If we are to trust history, however, we find that it is often artists themselves who are their most articulate champions. In succinct, direct statements they sometimes tell us more about their work and motivations than do all the probings of literary men. For proof, one need only refer to three illuminating anthologies published in the past two years: *From the Classicists to the Impressionists,* edited by Elizabeth Gilmore Holt; *Modern Artists on Art,* edited by Robert L. Herbert; and *The Art of Painting in the Twentieth Century,* edited by Pierre Seghers in collaboration with Jacques Charpier. In the belief that *SR* readers would be interested, I am devoting the rest of this column to the artists' own words on the creative process, as excerpted from these books.

J. A. D. INGRES (1780-1867) - If I had a son, I would wish him to learn to paint only by making paintings.

CASPAR DAVID FRIEDRICH (1774-1840) - The painter should not just paint what he sees before him, but also what he sees inside of himself. However, if he does not see anything inside of himself, he should abstain from painting . . . .

EUGENE DELACROIX (1798-1863) - Scientists do no more, after all, than find in nature what is there . . . [The artist] summarizes, he renders clear the sensations that things arouse within us, and which the great run of men, in the presence of nature, only vaguely see and hear.

GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877) - I have studied . . . the art of the ancients and of the moderns. I have no more wish to imitate the former than to copy the latter . . . No, I have simply wished to draw from the accumulated wisdom of tradition a reasoned and independent sentiment of my own individuality. To know in order to do, this was my thought.

No age can be depicted except by its own artists.

EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917) - Art is vice. One does not wed it, one rapes it.

Drawing is not what you see but what you must make others see.

Everybody has talent at twenty-five.

The difficult thing is to have it at fifty.

PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903) - Do not finish your work too much. An impression is not sufficiently durable for its first freshness to survive a belated search for infinite detail; in this way you let the lava grow cool and turn boiling blood into stone.

MAURICE DENIS (1870-1943) - Remember that a picture before it is a war horse, a naked woman, or some anecdote, is essentially a flat surface covered with colors arranged in a certain order.

ALBERT GLEIZES (1881-1953) - and JEAN METZINGER (1883-1956) - A painting carries within itself its *raison d'être* . . . it is an organism.

The painter has the power of rendering enormous that which we regard as minuscule, and as infinitesimal that which we know to be considerable; he changes quantity into quality.

WASSILY KANDINSKY (1866-1944) - Painting is a thundering collision of different worlds, intended to create a new world in, and from, the struggle with one another, a new world which is the work of art.

UMBERTO BOCCIONI (1882-1916) - All these convictions impel me to search in sculpture not pure form, but *pure plastic rhythm*; not the construction of bodies, but the *construction of the action of bodies.*

Why, then, should sculpture remain shackled by laws which have no justification? Let us break them courageously and proclaim the *complete abolition of the finished line and the closed statue. Let us open up the figure like a window and enclose within it the environment in which it lives.*

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940) - [The artist] places more value on the powers which do the forming than on the final forms themselves.

Had I wished to present the man "as he is," then I should have had to use such a bewildering confusion of line that pure elementary representation would have been out of the question . . . And anyway, I do not wish to represent the man as he is, but only as he might be.

CASIMIR MALEVICH (1878-1935) - And so there the new non-objective art stands--the expression of pure feeling, seeking no practical values, no ideas, no "promised land." An antique temple is not beautiful because it once served as the haven of a certain social order or of the religion associated with this, but rather because its form sprang from a pure feeling for plastic relationships.

HENRY MOORE 1898-) - Every material has its own individual qualities . . . Stone, for example, is hard and concentrated and should not be falsified to look like soft flesh . . . .

There is a right physical size for every idea.

HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954) - If upon a white canvas I jot down some sensations of blue, of green, of red—every new brush stroke diminishes the importance of the preceding one.

PABLO PICASSO (1881-) - A picture used to be a sum of additions. In my case a picture is a sum of destructions. I do a picture—then I destroy it. In the end, though, nothing is lost: the red I took away from one place turns up somewhere else.

A picture is not thought out and settled beforehand. While it is being done it changes as one's thoughts change. And when it is finished, it still goes on changing, according to the state of mind of whoever is looking at it.

There is no abstract art. You must always start with something. Afterward you can remove all traces of reality. There's no danger then, anyway, because the idea of the object will have left an indelible mark.

FERNAND LEGER (1881-1955) - . . . the object has replaced the subject, abstract art has come as a total liberation, and we are now able to look on the human face not for its sentimental but solely for its plastic value.

GEORGES BRAQUE (1882-1963) - Art is made to disturb. Science reassures.

There is only one valuable thing in art: the thing you cannot explain.

I do not do what I want; I do what I can.

Emotion . . . must not be an exaggeration or imitation of itself. It is the germ, the flowering, the created work.

PIERRE BONNARD (1867-1947) - There is a saying that applies perfectly to painting: many little lies for a great truth . . . In this delicate balance between lie and truth, everything is relative. . . .

—KATHARINE KUH.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Season for the Sensational

AS I have pointed out from time to time, first novels often slip by unnoticed. It is not surprising, therefore, that a certain number of hitherto unpublished writers resolve to make such a bang that nobody can ignore them, nor can we wonder if some publishers encourage them in their efforts. Now and then the tactic works, but it is usually a mistake just the same.

At the Antioch Writers' Conference in 1957 the most promising student was Richard Farina, a youthful undergraduate at Cornell, and the next fall I was happy to read his first novel in manuscript, even though I thought publication unlikely. I lost track of him after that, but I learn that he has lived in London and Paris, has been a successful "folk-rock singer and composer," has married Mimi Baez, sister of Joan, and has had plays produced. And now Fariña—in the old days he didn't have a tilde to his name—has had a novel published, *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me* (Random House, $5.95).

This is the story, told in the first person, of young Gnossos Pappadopoulis, also know as Pooh Bear, who returns to a thinly disguised Cornell after various horrendous adventures. He is welcomed back as leader of a group of far-out students, including someone called Heffalump. (A. A. Milne must have had a retarded popularity at Cornell; I remember another novel about that college named *Halfway Down the Stairs.*) Aided by opium, marihuana, alcohol, and lively heterosexual appetites, Gnossos manages to raise a good deal of hell on and off campus, which seems to be his principal ambition.

Since I find the novel overwritten, badly put together, and less than convincing, I think I should quote the opinion of Thomas Pynchon, whom (*SR*, Apr. 30) I respect. He says: "This book comes on like the Hallelujah Chorus done by 200 kazoo players with perfect pitch, I mean strong, swinging, skillful, and reverent – but also with the fine brassy buzz of irreverence in there too. Fariña has going for him an unerring and virtuoso instinct about exactly what, in this bewildering Republic, is serious and what cannot possibly be." I recognize that Pynchon is a humorist, but in this instance I think he means what he says, and I wish I could agree with him. (I had written the paragraphs above before I learned that Fariña had died in a motorcycle accident at the age of twenty-nine. If I had known that he was dead, I should not have written in such a flippant manner; but he was a flip young man, and I don't believe he would have minded.)

Edward Stewart's *Orpheus on Top* (Putnam, $5.95) is incoherent and hysterical in somewhat the same way as Fariña's novel. It begins more conventionally: Alex Underland is the child of a broken marriage, and in the first paragraph his mother is trying to push him out of a window in the old Ritz hotel. Later he aspires to be a doctor, like his father, and is doing well in his pre-medical courses when fate intervenes. Writing a play in twenty minutes for a course he is taking at the whim of his faculty adviser, he becomes a pioneer of the Theater of the Absurd. After a ridiculous success and an unhappy marriage, he spends five years down and out in Paris. Because of his reputation as a playwright, he returns to the United States and sets out to make money. He betrays his best friend, and schemes to marry his boss's daughter, who ends by murdering her father and a couple of other people.

ONE of the things Stewart is trying to do is to satirize the theater, especially the gullibility of producers, critics, and playgoers; but, as Pamela Hansford Johnson noted in *Cork Street, Next to the Hatter's* (*SR*, Oct. 9, 1965), it is hard to find anything more absurd than absurdity. There are some attempts at general satire, notably a mildly amusing burlesque of a Presidential reception. But on the whole the message of the book seems to be summed up in the valedictory of the murderess, ironically named Happy: "He stank, they all stank, this business stinks, the world stinks, I stink, you stink, he she it stinks, we stink, you stink, they stink. . . ." The book does give off quite a stench, but it isn't fair to blame the world for that.

In *Laban's Will* (Random House, $4.95) Albert Lebowitz is less strident in his bid for attention than either Fariña or Stewart, but he has done his best to create an eye-catching hero. Laban, a successful lawyer with a gift for inspiring confidence, is a boisterous eccentric, fond of paradox, horseplay, and startling gestures. He has twin daughters, naturally named Rachel and Leah, and a son, Bernie. Bernie is constantly in revolt against Laban, but the girls, in their different ways are under his spell. Much of the novel is concerned with the rivalry of the sisters, who carry on their battles with uncurbed ferocity. The Jacob of the story, Jackson Schwartz, marries Leah but there seems little prospect of his getting Rachel.

The Biblical parallel contributes little to the novel. For one thing Genesis doesn't tell us much about Laban except that he once got the better of Jacob, which wasn't easy to do. (Jacob made him pay plenty in the end.) In any case Lebowitz is interested in using Laban to

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preach a lesson: all Laban's antics are intended to arouse his children and the world in general to an awareness of the importance of living joyously. The lesson is made explicit in a series of sermons by a rabbi, and is underlined by the reading of Laban's much discussed will at the end of the book. Lebowitz tries hard with Laban and sometimes succeeds in bringing him to life, but on the whole he has failed to do what he was so obviously and earnestly attempting.

It is a relief to turn to a first novel whose author does not find it necessary to wave flags and blow sirens. Not that Frederick L. Keefe's *The Investigating Officer* (Delacorte, $5.95) is dull; on the contrary, once one has started it, it is more compelling than any of the others; but Keefe has been content to let his story speak for itself.

The scene is Austria just after V-E Day. Two SS officers are shot while they are being taken to headquarters. The American lieutenant in charge states they were trying to escape, but two Austrian civilians insist that they were murdered. A Captain Rankin is ordered to investigate, and the two days he spends in investigation reveal many tensions within the occupation force and between that force and the Austrians.

The novel reminds me of James Gould Cozzens's *Guard of Honor* in that a crisis has far-reaching effects and brings to the surface much that would ordinarily be concealed. Like Cozzens, Keefe is exploring the military mind, and his Captain Rankin is, like Cozzens's Colonel Ross, a gentle and thoughtful person. Keefe skillfully handles the unfolding of the situation, which becomes more and more complicated, never letting the many threads of the story become tangled. He is a novelist who has learned his business, and his book is a pleasure to read. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1190

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1190 will be found in the next issue.

BTDVMR, DX IR WXZZTBGRG,

ZVQD IR XIRURG.

—AMTBWOQ ITWXB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1189

I prefer the most unjust peace to the justest war that was ever waged.

—Cicero.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

A Legitimate Convention?

I Take Issue With Fred W. Messman's letter in *SR*, Apr. 30, in which he apparently equates Allied military bombings in World War II with German practices of genocide and then makes the conclusion that "Wilhelm Keitel and his colleagues *were* sentenced to death because they had lost a war."

In World War II it was assumed by all belligerents that destruction, regrettable as it might be, of cities such as Hiroshima or Nagasaki, Berlin or Dresden, and London or Coventry was a military necessity and understood to be a legitimate convention of warfare and therefore not immoral in the context of war. On the other hand, the deaths of civilians, prisoners of war, and other noncombatants, resulting from the acts of genocide as practiced by the Japanese and Nazi governments were outside of the realm of any conceivable military necessity. It was for these *nonmilitary* acts of murder that the Nuremburg and other war crime trials were held. Therefore, Mr. Messman's moral equation is illogical and his final conclusion, not valid.

Howard Persky.

Baltimore, Md.

The letter of Mr. Messman deserves international distribution. . . .

Fred Lape.

Esperance, N.Y.

Actually, Keitel and colleagues were sentenced to death for *starting* a war, regardless of who ultimately wore the "moral and judicial spectacles." And Mr. Messman had better read a little history as far as the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings are concerned, and do a little more reflecting. The Japanese military leaders were ready to sacrifice the last man, woman, and child on the homeland rather than lose face by surrender, even after the bombs were dropped. This would obviously have resulted in far more suffering and loss of lives, noncombatant or otherwise.

John Plake.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Gastrointestinal Motility

I thank the several dozen persons, many of them doctors or doctors' wives, who set me straight about "boryborygmus" [*SR*, May 7]. In the first place, I miscopied the word, which should be, and in Stephen Becker's *A Covenant with Death* is, "borborygmus." So spelled, it is discoverable in any large dictionary, though sometimes described as archaic, and, I gather from my correspondents, is in all medical dictionaries. Although everybody said substantially the same thing, I quote from Caldwell Titmarsh, associate professor of music at Brandeis University: "A transliteration from the Greek, it means 'bowel rumbling,' and is one of the enormous body of superb onomatopoetic words in which ancient Greek is so rich." Becker uses it correctly: "I was assailed by the willies and borborygmus."

I am particularly grateful to Mrs. Ben Hecht, who, along with Professor Titmarsh, reminded me of Humphrey Bogart's "borborygmic skill" in *The African Queen*: to Jane Freeman, who explained that borborygmus "means the audible manifestations of the gastrointestinal motility"; and to C. M. Steward, who in a telegram alluded to the limerick beginning, "I sat next to the Duchess at tea. . . . " All in all, though the error was mine, I can't help being glad that I made it. A better example of serendipity I can't imagine.

Granville Hicks.

Grafton, N.Y.

Editor's note: *Not to excite further borborygmus, but, in his "Out on a Limerick," Bennett Cerf offers this version of the limerick referred to above: "I once took the bishop to tea/It was just as I thought it would be/His rumblings abdominal/Were simply phenomenal/And everyone thought it was me."*

Prehensile Eye

There is a point in Mr. Granville Hicks's article "The Wrong Word for It" on which I would like to comment—the passage in which Coleridge's Ancient Mariner speaks of "The horned Moon, with one bright star/Within the nether tip." Of course, such things are finally matters of opinion, but it seems to me that Coleridge never intended this star-crossed moon (incidentally, it also rises in the east at sundown, as no crescent moon has ever been seen to do by any inhabitant of earth) to be taken literally as belonging to the world of everyday reality any more than the reanimation of the corpses of the Mariner's shipmates by a troop of blessed spirits. If he had, maybe the Mariner would have held the Wedding Guest with his skinny hand and not with his glittering eye.

Charles R. Sleeth.

Chatham, N.J.

Wrong Paradise

The Substitution of *Paradise Lost* for *Paradise Regained* in your listing of *Milton's Brief Epic: The Genre, Meaning, and Art of "Paradise Regained"* [*SR's* Checklist of the Week's New Books, Apr. 30] gives a seriously mistaken impression of the contents of the book. . . .

Grant Dugale,
Director,
Brown University Press.

Providence, R.I.

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THE TRAGIC COURSE IN VIETNAM

A reflection on the intricate maneuvers and mistakes that have accompanied the agony of a nation

***Viet-Nam Witness 1953-66**, by Bernard B. Fall (Praeger. 363 pp. $6.95), charges that high policy-makers, misreading the signposts, have followed an erroneous and tragic course in Southeast Asia. As CBS News chief correspondent in France from 1946-61, David Schoenbrun first met and interviewed Vietnam's President Ho Chi Minh in Paris in 1946 and during the next ten years closely followed the course of events in Indochina.*

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

IF THE essential difference between tragedy and misfortune is the difference between the evitable and the inevitable, then the story of Vietnam is a tragedy, for, of all wars, the wars of Vietnam have been and are the most unnecessary, most evitable of struggles.

Vietnam is the land of lost opportunities and missed options, the victim not so much of lies, plots, and power politics—although all played and play a role there—but rather of error and of miscalculation. *Viet-Nam Witness*, by Professor Bernard B. Fall, of Howard University, America's leading authority on Vietnam, describes, documents, dissects, and diagnoses the tragic death of hope in Vietnam, from the birth of that hope in March 1946, when France recognized Ho Chi Minh's Democratic Republic of Vietnam, through the betrayal of hope in the war that broke out at the end of that year, on through the almost incredible, irrational, unbroken series of errors and defeats in the war and at the conference tables in Saigon, Hanoi, Geneva, Moscow, Washington, and Peking.

Viet-Nam Witness concentrates on the period from the winter of 1953 through the spring of 1966, but it also provides the reader with the necessary background events of 1945-53, the period that Fall calls the "First Indochina War," the French attempt to win back the colony of Indochina. The present struggle is called the "Second Indochina War." Fall insists, quite correctly, that the American intervention, although not colonial, grows out of the French war, involving many of the same participants, repeating many of the same errors. He cites historian Arthur Schlesinger, "referring precisely to the case of Vietnam," who stated that "error creates its own reality." And he further cites the able *Time* correspondent who became the Public Affairs Officer of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon, John Mecklin, author of *Mission in Torment* (Doubleday, 1965):

> The root of the problem was the fact that much of what the newsmen took to be lies was exactly what the Mission genuinely believed, and was reporting to Washington. Events were to prove that the Mission itself was unaware of how badly the war was going, operating in a world of illusion. Our feud with the newsmen was an angry symptom of bureaucratic sickness.

Errors, illusions, anger, and bureaucratic sickness have characterized the nature of the struggle in Vietnam all through the first and second Indochinese wars, and they still poison relations between observers and officials. Press and academic critics of the Administration are attacked, vilified, shadowed, impugned, not because their criticism is unfounded or inaccurate, not, as Professor Fall points out, "on the basis of an alternate set of facts," but simply because "they interfered with what was said to be 'policy.'"

Writing long before the recent revelation of CIA penetration of Michigan State University projects and subsidy of MIT studies, Professor Fall sounded this warning: "When social-science research has reasons-of-state limitations placed upon its conclusions, it runs into heavy risks of losing its validity. . . . In the case of Vietnam, that situation was finally pushed to a tragic extreme in which practically all specialists dealing with the country were operating under contract either with the Saigon government or with one of the American aid programs. As a result, their often excellent work, by virtue of its quasi-official character, could be kept out of public circulation as a matter of administrative procedure and thus might have no effect in bringing about remedial action." As long as ten years ago, Fall points out, authorities were alerted to the "explosive relationship between Vietnamese lowlanders and mountain tribes" but "even the beginning of a beginning of an effective remedy has not yet been undertaken."

Fall is surely right to claim "with considerable pride" that he was the first to offer, as early as 1956, detailed descriptions of guerilla tactics, and, as early as 1957, evidence of the "resurgence of revolutionary war," based on direct field research. He also points out that American policy-makers failed to take any of this evidence into account until General Maxwell Taylor's arrival late in 1961. However, Professor Fall is on less solid ground in holding back some of his wealth of documentation: "Both charity and good taste persuade me not to recite here the long list of erroneous and wildly overoptimistic statements and timetables with regard to Vietnam that officials have provided the world for the past fifteen years." Yet this is surely not a time to invoke good taste, when a brave, long-suffering little nation is being destroyed by bitterly contending forces which, however noble each may believe its motives to be, have shown little consideration for good taste as a guide to action. Professor Fall can, however, be forgiven for his reticence in naming names of error-ridden officials, for he has offered the reader analyses with vast documentation that reveal the errors of current and recent policies in Vietnam.

One of the greatest values of this study is that it is a compilation of articles written by Fall over the past fifteen years, updated and commented upon in the light of developments, but not changed from the time of the writing. One can, therefore, see clearly just what data and opinions were available to policy-makers, and how right the scholar was and how mistaken the decision-maker. As any student of this sorry affair knows, and as any lecturer has soon discovered, the American public finds it hard to accept the fact that its highest officials, all very able men, could possibly have been as wrong as the situation suggests. This gives rise to the doctrine of demonology: there must have been subversion or conspiracy or something foul afoot, for things to have gone so wrong. It is exceedingly

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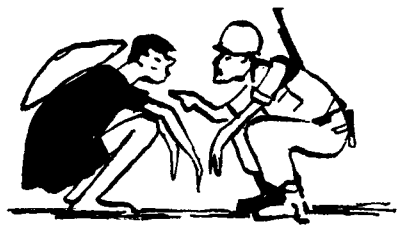
difficult for the public to believe that a professor of political science like Dean Rusk, or a master administrator and computer-brain like Robert McNamara, or such brilliant, liberal leaders as John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and Hubert Humphrey could have failed to see the signs, made so many wrong decisions, or decided on major policies so far off the realities of the situation. Schlesinger's thesis that error makes a reality of its own is a subtle, sophisticated concept, hard to grasp. For public acceptance it must be supported by massive proof and finely reasoned argument by a master of the subject. Fortunately, Bernard Fall is such a master and does provide the finely reasoned arguments in his *Viet-Nam Witness*.

This study is divided into six parts. Part I, "France Loses Indochina," relates the background of the First Indochina War, documenting the defeat at Dien Bien Phu and its consequences, through the cease-fire and settlement at the Geneva Conference. In the opening six articles of part I, Fall shatters the Administration claim that the conflict is the result of Communist aggression from the North and not a civil war. The French, Fall demonstrates, transformed an essentially colonial war "into a civil war by setting up a Vietnamese government under their aegis in March 1949." He also notes that "at that point the war had become a part of the over-all Western policy of containment of Communism in Asia." The change in American policy of opposing the French colonial war came as a result of the Chinese Communist victory over Chiang in December 1949, and was hardened by the outbreak of the Korean War. The Chinese intervention in Korea completed the process of fixing the mold of American policy in Southeast Asia.

As far back as March 1954 Fall observed that "it is certainly not by sheer coincidence that General Donovan, wartime OSS chief, is now Ambassador in Thailand." The move had less to do with the freedom of the Vietnamese people, or the independence and integrity of that nation, than with a maneuver to maintain a strong base near China. Fall foresaw the future and felt that this was the wrong strategy. "Massive economic aid," he wrote, "might swing the balance and substitute for the total loss of Indochina in a creeping war the building up of a neutral régime. Such a régime would depend upon Western supplies to survive economically, for neither Red China, plagued by its own lack of consumer goods, nor the Soviet Union, already behind in its promised deliveries to North Korea, could possibly fill the immediate requirements of the ravaged country." He related such a policy proposal to similar and successful creations of neutral régimes on the fringes of a Communist power. "Any solution that accomplishes the effective neutralization of Indochina," asserted Fall, "would be more desirable than this hopeless stalemate in the jungle swamps." He concluded with these words: "A farsighted policy in Indochina, based on well-administered aid, might do more to stem the Communist tide in Southeast Asia than the sending of a few technicians or of a few additional planeloads of napalm."

During the interim we have sent far more than just a few technicians or planeloads of napalm. A quarter of a million men and hundreds of thousands of planeloads of bombs later, the same hopeless struggle in the swamps is being fought, with as little chance of success. Twelve years ago President Eisenhower wrote to President Ngo Dinh Diem offering economic aid but requiring social reforms as a counterpart. Our aid grew to be billions but the reform counterparts were never lived up to by the succeeding régimes in the South. At the Honolulu conference, more than a decade after the first Eisenhower offer, Johnson was still proposing more economic aid and getting no positive reply to his request for land reforms.



Dr. Fall describes in part II a trip through the North, recounts his interview with President Ho Chi Minh, and analyzes the nature of the Communist régime then and today. In part III Dr. Fall traces the history of South Vietnam, from the autocratic Diem régime and the religious problem in politics, through the various military insurrections. Part IV is one of the most fascinating and useful studies in the book: a documentation and analysis of the Vietcong and the National Liberation Front. Fall makes it clear that the Vietcong is no more the mercenary or servant of the North than Hanoi is of China. He thus demonstrates the fallacies in two of the more serious illusions and fantasies on which American policy is predicated. Fall quotes a high-ranking spokesman of the Front who told French reporter Georges Chaffard, of *Le Monde*, that the NLF had got along without the North for a long time, and would "prefer to settle our affairs among 'Southerners.'" "We have not," the NLF spokesman added, "fought all these years simply to end up by installing a new set of dictators in place of the old."

In part V, Professor Fall concentrates on American involvement. It is a tragic story of good intentions paving a road to hell; of small, step-by-step decisions adding up to huge unforeseen stakes and nontreaty commitments. Fall substantiates the truth of Ambassador George Kennan's shrewd perception of a peculiarly American syndrome: unlimited optimism about our adopted protégés. He cites Major General Edward Landsdale on American attempts "at engineering a great patriotic cause led by some universally loved Vietnamese of American selection." As Landsdale remarked, it was a "type of puerile romance [that] should not be attempted in real life." But, concluded Fall, "this was precisely what was done."

THE book's last section presents the terrifying statistics of what Fall calls "The Impersonal War." He gives us the whole tragic story of lost opportunities, of suppressed facts about peace negotiations and peace hopes, and "those thresholds on the road to the no-return point in the Vietnam War. . . . It is now clear, from the record," states Fall, "that this is what the Secretary General of the U.N. had in mind when he told a press conference on February 24 [1965] that 'the great American people, if only they knew the true facts and the background to the developments in South Vietnam,' would view the conflict in a different light."

This reporter and observer, could not agree more whole-heartedly, and more sadly with that judgment. It must be sad for all Americans, proud of our traditions of a free press, one of the greatest press corps in the world, to hear the highest official of the World Organization charge that the American people do not know the true facts and the background of developments in South Vietnam. How did this happen? What are these true facts and background, and where can the people get them?

Most of the answers to these anguished questions can be found in the excellent essays and studies of a few men, among whom Bernard Fall, a Frenchman born and bred, but an American by college education and training, is one of the most eminent. His treatment of the record is comprehensive, accurate, and coherent. *Viet-Nam Witness* is an excellent companion piece to Fall's earlier, admirable *The Two Viet-Nams*.

In a recent talk that we had, the author told me that the Defense Department has been calling him in for a series of lectures and seminar discussions on Vietnam. That is truly good news. If officials have failed to read him in the past, maybe now that they are listening to him in person there is a chance that he, and those of us who believe as he does in the urgent need to end the war and bring about a Vietnamese solution to the war in Vietnam, will be heeded.

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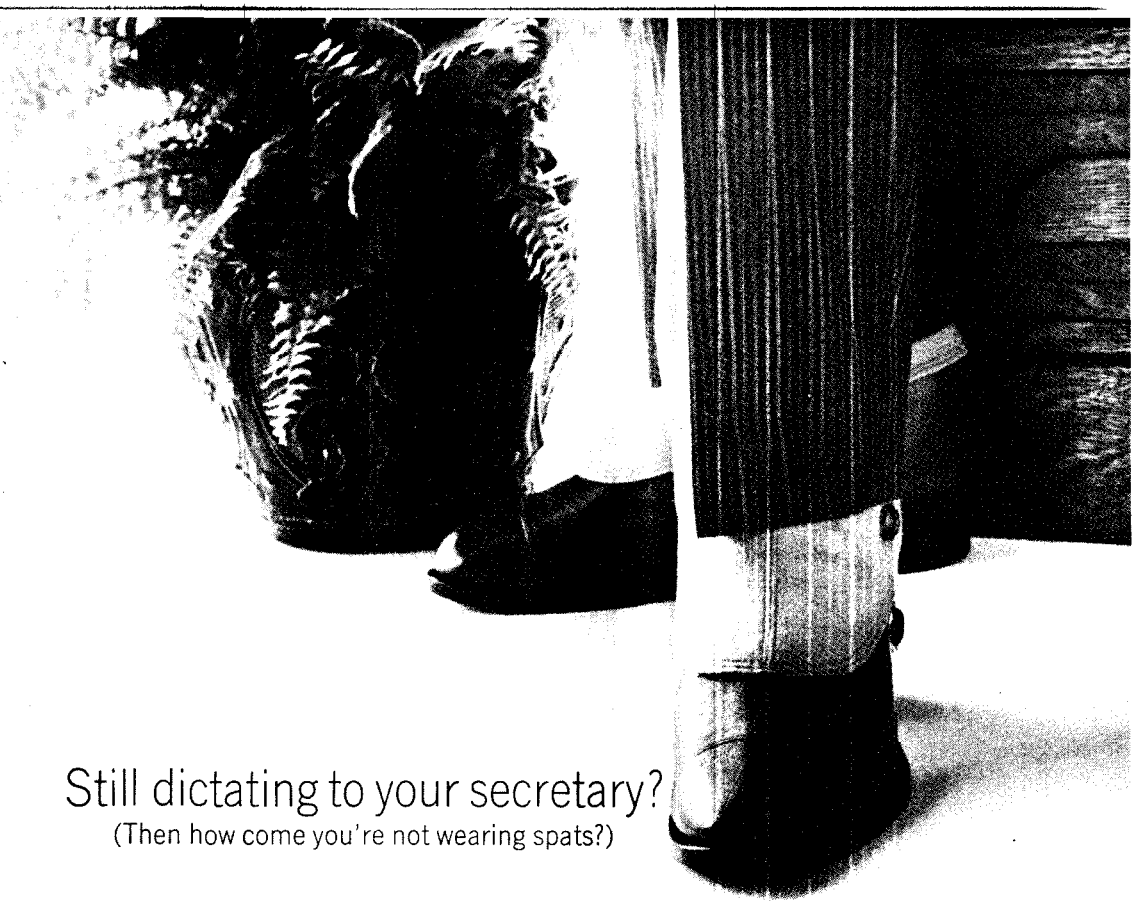

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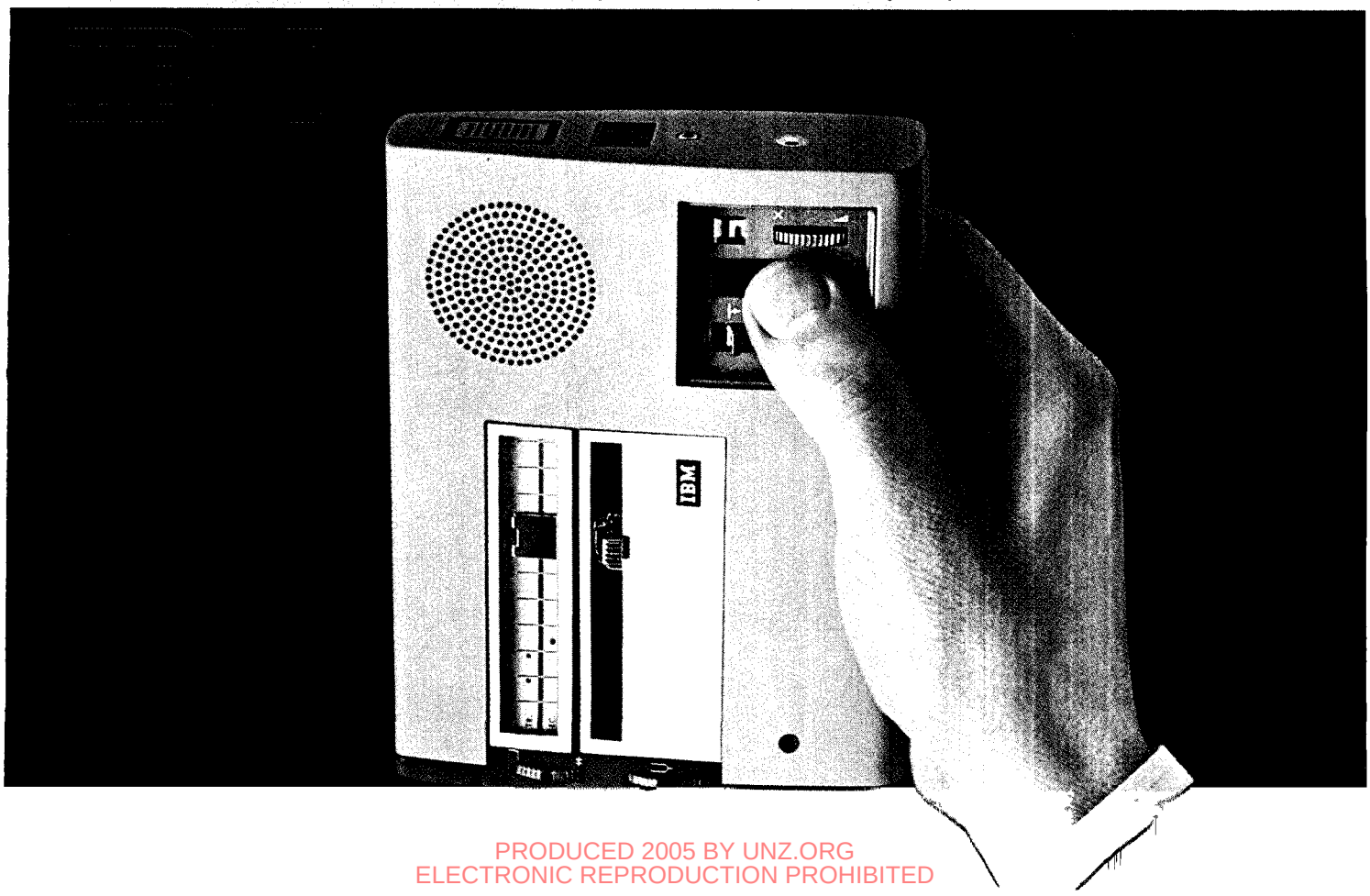

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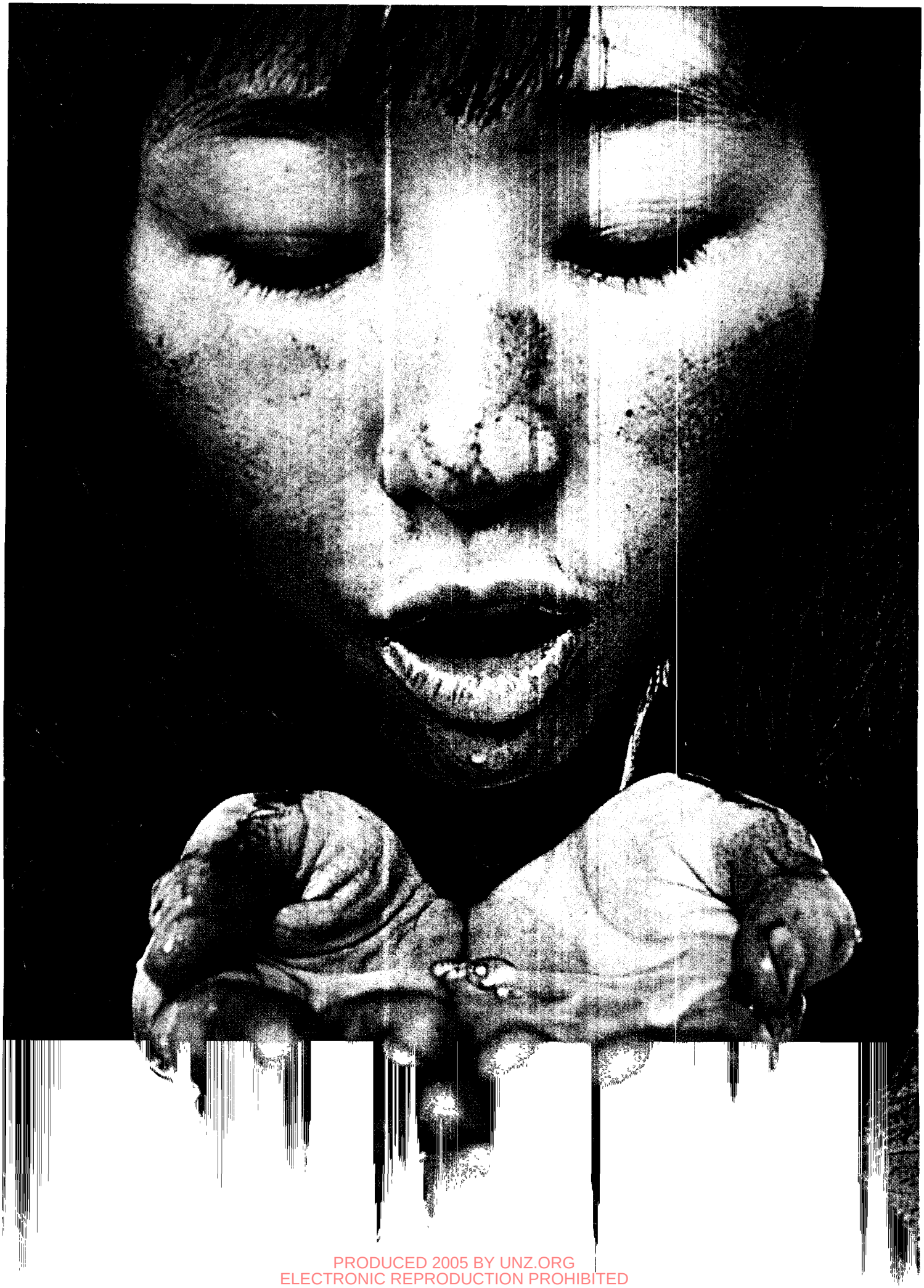

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In Viet Nam jungle water is more dangerous than the Viet Cong.

If that fact hasn't made headlines, it's because it isn't news. Contaminated water has been killing Vietnamese for over 2,000 years.

Typhus, typhoid, amoebic dysentery, infectious hepatitis—these are just a few of the deadly assassins.

Coupled with malnutrition, they limit the life span of a peasant to 35 years. And they guarantee that more than half his children will die before they're 5 years old.

With statistics like these all too common in underdeveloped areas, it's obvious that the ultimate war to be fought in Viet Nam and southeast Asia will be the war against disease.

Fortunately, it's already underway. Olin, for example, is shipping tons of chlorine to Viet Nam each month for on-the-spot water purification.

Not ordinary chlorine, but a special dry granular type called HTH,® developed in this country by Olin back in 1928. It's easier to handle and safer to use. So safe, our G.I.'s use HTH tablets to purify water right in their canteens.

And when more sophisticated means are used to purify water, other Olin products will find use abroad.

Chemicals like biocides, to prevent the growth of algae from clogging lakes, rivers and reservoirs. Hexametaphosphate, to prevent rust scale from forming in pipes. And tripolyphosphates, to soften water.

Olin is even working on the development of large, portable chlorine systems for use in remote areas by small villages.

It's only a beginning, though. As the world population grows, pure water, like food, will become ever scarcer.

That's why in the jungles of Viet Nam, as throughout the world, the war against disease will go on long after man has made peace with man.

Olin

Olin is Chemicals, Metals, Squibb Pharmaceuticals, Paper & Packaging, Winchester—Western Arms & Ammunition.

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Bringing a Government to Its People

War Without Guns: American Civilians in Rural Vietnam, *by George K. Tanham with W. Robert Warne, Earl J. Young, and William A. Nighswonger (Praeger. 144 pp. $4.95), reveals through the experience of AID representatives in Southeast Asia the shortcomings of our efforts to assist and win over Vietnamese villagers. Kenneth T. Young is former Ambassador to Thailand.*

By KENNETH T. YOUNG

GEORGE TANHAM'S book spotlights the unseen but very real and crucial struggle in Vietnam. That is the decisive campaign to win over the rural people to the South Vietnamese government or to the Communists. This short, thoughtfully-written volume is the first and only authoritative critique which we have of this unknown and unpublicized "other war." Its outcome will largely decide the future of Vietnam and Southeast Asia.

Yet, we are losing this campaign because neither the United States Government nor the American people are prepared to take the steps, some painful and even radical, to understand and solve the "Vietnams" of our time. Mr. Tanham sets out to assess them, but ends up, perhaps inadvertently, with a valid, long-overdue indictment of what is wrong in Vietnam. We can build monumental structures, yet pass over the little "heartbreak house" of the Vietnamese villager. We can flood a country with fertilizer but fail to fertilize the mind or move the heart. This is the crux of our dilemma in Southeast Asia, and perhaps elsewhere.

It is extraordinary that we are still so blind to the problem and its solution—difficult as they may be—after a decade of effort, billions of dollars, and the loss of many lives. Most Americans are unaware of the decisive political struggle in Vietnam, which, more than bombs and bullets, will determine the verdict. As often emphasized, the dilemma and the answer in Vietnam are, in the long run, primarily political, not military. Not that security is discounted and social justice overrated. Nor need urban problems be overlooked. But the heart of the matter is that the success on the battlefield can be politically nullified by insensibility towards the people in the paddies, meeting places, markets, and homes of village Vietnam. Pursuance of reform should precede prosecution of the war.

This valuable account is the first attempt to record and analyze what a few dedicated and frustrated Americans and Vietnamese have been doing to translate that truth into a social reality and the reality into a political verdict. That is still far away, receding further all the time. Although the book throws some light on this struggle without guns, its brevity is regrettable; there are those who wish to know more about this crucial aspect of the Vietnams. Its manifestation in Thailand, for instance.

The book details the experiences of three young American civilians who dedicated their efforts and endangered their lives for two years as AID representatives in three different provinces. W. Robert Warne, Earl J. Young, and William A. Nighswonger take us away from Saigon right into rural Vietnam, where 80 per cent of the Vietnamese live, work, and suffer. We see the bitter contest for the rural population, the Vietcong's pressure, the government's weakness.

George Tanham himself speaks from an unusual background of long, continuous experience in Vietnam and Southeast Asia which few Americans can equal. He has scrutinized and written about the tactics and practices of Communist revolutionary warfare in Indochina, and in 1961 he was a member of an official group that studied potential Communist subversion now breaking out in Thailand. For several months in 1964 Tanham was associate director for AID in charge of the Provincial Operations in Vietnam, the subject of *War Without Guns.*

He describes a program of rural affairs or "Provincial Operations"—as lame a label as apparently was Washington's support. The purpose was to advise and assist the central, provincial, and local levels of government in Vietnam in order to improve rural living conditions and to afford greater hope for the future. Thus the people would be "won over." The program, according to Tanham, continues to be based on the dubious assumption that "improved material welfare will make the people more loyal to their government." Although the American program of rural affairs stresses self-help and has included training for the local people, it has concentrated on providing great quantities of fertilizer, rice seed, cement, pigs, corn, fish stocks, bricks, tin roofing, etc., etc.

Tanham's report and the three chapters by the rural representatives tell concretely and convincingly how the Vietcong have skillfully applied a strategy of orchestrating and channeling all means—military, political, psychological, and economic—toward political goals. They have achieved political infiltration by terror and assassination, reoriented the loyalty and allegiance of the young people in the villages, waged guerilla warfare against all opposition and non-Communist authorities. Those who want a candid account of how and why the Vietcong effectively contrive to win over rural Vietnamese can find it in this book; it does not overlook the valid grievances of villagers nor the extremely serious mistakes of Vietnamese régimes and their American backers.

THE rural program, which a few Americans have been urging for years with increasing frustration and disappointment, has nevertheless proved its worth on a small scale, in the opinion of Tanham and his colleagues. While he finds its basic concept sound, Tanham correctly and fairly faults its feeble execution. Instead of overemphasis on material assistance, the effort to stem Communist revolutionary warfare must pay much more attention to and expend much more effort on people, leaders, and social institutions than Washington or AID missions yet know how to.

Apparently, one director of the AID mission in Saigon hamstrung the rural effort and set it back considerably. Even more extraordinary to me was the cancellation of the advisory program for rural women, a critical social element, and the removal from Vietnam of the first and only effective American woman adviser. These and other examples of the backing and filling on the "other war" are a sad indictment of America's

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inability yet to cope with it. Since this book was written, another program of rural construction has been undertaken and given emphatic leadership by President Johnson, particularly in the Honolulu Declaration, which is a milestone in political goal-setting, whatever its ultimate practical effect.

The rural struggle is obviously a difficult and baffling problem even when we have some idea of the new methods for solving it. We find obstacles on every side. The efficiency of Communist organization, the domino-like falling of Saigon régimes, the critical urban-rural split all undermine and even nullify a good rural program. Perhaps the decisive challenge in Vietnam will be to reintegrate that 80 per cent of the population in the countryside with the very different urban groups.

Tanham's book tantalizes us by raising, but leaving unanswered, many taut questions regarding vital issues: How do we shift the focus of the program from suppliers to motivators, from quantity to quality, from the material to the intangible? How do we actually put the emphasis on leadership, ideology, reform, and political action? How should American representatives in Southeast Asia go about inculcating the right attitude and approach of local and central officials who otherwise frighten, infuriate, and repel the villagers? How can an authentic village leadership be encouraged to generate genuine village action to fend off insurgents and develop their community as they themselves want it and not as they are told by outsiders to do it?

What can the United States really accomplish in disordered, modernizing, misgoverned societies? Do our particular style of massive centralization, our technological advance, and our penchant for political stability conflict with Vietnam's cultural and political expressions—and much of Asia's, for that matter? Can we cope with the cultural clash that Americans are creating in Vietnam? It is too bad that *War Without Guns* stops short of some analysis of these key questions. Another book is needed quickly.

For, unfortunately, *War Without Guns* raises more doubt in me than hope. Can even an intelligent, imaginative, and relevant rural program that stresses people above material succeed in defeating Communist strategy after terror and guns have destroyed authority, cowed the population, and won over cadres? The answer to date in Vietnam is dismal, but perhaps the returns are not all in yet. However, unless performance there is rapidly improved and organization drastically altered, we will go on losing the war without guns. But we can learn the lessons in time for Thailand—if we are willing to innovate.

Human Side of a Hero

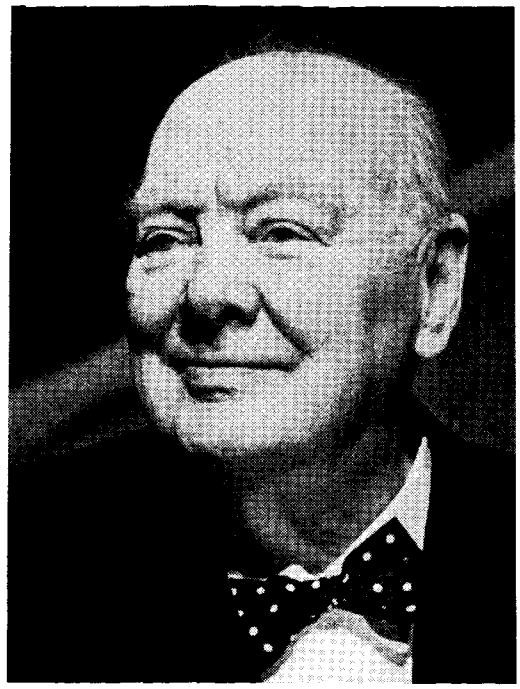
Churchill: Taken from the Diaries of Lord Moran *(Houghton Mifflin. 877 pp. $10), written from notes gathered by Sir Winston's personal physician during the late Prime Minister's declining years, raises larger questions than those of propriety, now argued in Britain. J. H. Plumb, editor of the History of Human Society series, wrote "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

CONTROVERSIAL? Certainly! The London *Times* has been full of plaintive and indignant letters since it was published. Lady Churchill has expressed her regret. Randolph has emphatically denied that Sir Winston was aware of Lord Moran's habit of keeping a diary or of his intention to publish it. Lord Moran has appealed to the dead—in this case, G. M. Trevelyan, who said that his special knowledge of Churchill's health was the stuff of history and that he must put it down. (He appears to have said nothing about publication.) And, with justice, Lord Moran claims that his book does not derogate from Churchill's achievement, but underlines both his courage and his greatness. The matter, I suspect, is simpler. Churchill lived to be ninety, with the consequence that Lord Moran is now a very old man. Whatever his distinction as a physician, his immortality, if he wins any, will depend on this book, and who can blame him for wanting to taste his fame before he joins Sir Winston in the dark corridors of history?

Whether or not this book offends you will depend on how you like your heroes. If you like them larger than life, shining with goodness, wisdom, heroism, spotless and *sans reproche*, you will hate it, for Churchill emerges from it as intensely human in his weaknesses: he could be selfish, arrogant, self-indulgent, prejudiced, and greedy for power. His follies could be as colossal as his courage and his misjudgments as profound as his insights. Nor does Lord Moran spare us the physical details. As in Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs, Churchill always seems to be in his bath or in his bed and usually stark naked or engaged in his elaborate personal ritual of garglings, flushings, creamings.

And mortality, the slowly strangling hand of Death, is the book's theme.



—*Camera Press (Pix).*

Sir Winston Churchill—big speeches were a nightmare.

Time and time again, one is appalled not only by the fact that Churchill was physically incapable of discharging the immense burdens of his office, but that the same was true of those other statesmen who held in their hands so much human happiness or misery. As a dying man Roosevelt was hauled across half the world to negotiate with one of the toughest and most ruthless statesmen of modern times—Stalin. No American government can have committed greater folly or with worse consequences. Even more terrible is the realization that decisions of vast import were influenced, not only by physical decay, but also by the pettiness of personal likes and dislikes, by schoolboy memories of bad textbook history, or by myths about nations heard in the nursery.

Without ever being completely explicit, Lord Moran raises a problem of fundamental importance for all countries. How far can any country permit a tired, old, and sick statesman to continue in office? The problem is not so easy of solution as it might seem. Churchill was all of these things from 1951-55 as, less certainly, he had been from 1943-45. In the Fifties all business was an effort for him, big speeches a nightmare, and the detail of government tiresome in the extreme. And yet, time and time again

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in his conversations with Lord Moran, his sense of the future, of what politics should be about, so long as they were talking about England, Europe, or the Atlantic alliance, was both deep and true. He saw at once that the hydrogen bomb would, most probably, stop global war for the foreseeable future, in which case he regarded accommodation with Russia's new leaders, after Stalin's death, as urgent and essential. He was thwarted, not by his own colleagues, but by Dulles and Eisenhower. Had they acted then with Churchill the fiasco of Paris might have been avoided. True, Churchill's judgment east of Suez was always wanting—the old Imperial dream held him too tightly in thrall—but Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower consistently underestimated his insight into European problems. And his mind still grasped the great issues after his body had become too feeble for a statesman's job. And there lay the dilemma for Lord Moran and Churchill's friends. The world was highly combustible from 1950-55. Who could be certain that not only Churchill's wisdom but his unusual authority might not be needed? And if we judge by what came after—the disastrous premiership of Eden—obviously Moran was right to hold his hand, and let Churchill struggle on against his increasing physical odds.

But the great issues are only one facet of this compulsively readable book. Lord Moran is a born spectator—cool, humane, shrewd in judgment and compassionate in understanding. A very convincing picture of Churchill emerges; his great qualities, his restless, creative energy, his superlative gift of phrase, his power to project his granite strength of will, above all his magnanimity—these qualities are never overlooked nor overstressed. With equal detachment Lord Moran observes the weaknesses—the lack of interest in individuals, the faulty assessment of men, the self-will, the basic aristocratic arrogance. Nor is it only Churchill who emerges as a full and rich human character from these diaries. Lord Moran met, with Churchill, all the great men of the Western alliance, watched them, and pinned them down in his pages. Whether he is discussing Stalin or Bernard Baruch, he always has something new, something wise, something memorable to say. Whatever mild discomfort this book may have caused some, Lord Moran deserves his taste of fame, and now he will know that so long as men write about Churchill they will need to consult him. And for the immediate future Lord Moran's success is assured. Everyone will be reading and arguing about this book for months to come. And so they should, for the fundamental problem that it raises is urgent, profound, and unsolved. Aged and sick statesmen still everywhere abound.

He Brought Berlin Back to Life

—*Jeremy Banks and Harry Benson (Pix).*

Konrad Adenauer: "I do not trust the impressions formed in the heat of the day's events."

Konrad Adenauer: Memoirs 1945-53, *translated from the German by Beate Ruhm von Oppen (Regnery. 478 pp. $10), begins with American shells being lobbed into the former German Chancellor's garden, ends with Der Alte laying a wreath at Arlington National Cemetery. Daniel Schorr, who has been CBS News correspondent in Germany since 1960, has often talked to him, notably in twelve hours of filmed interviews for a 1963 CBS Reports documentary.*

By DANIEL SCHORR

NO IMMUTABLE law ordains that great statesmen must also be great writers. Churchill and de Gaulle only made it seem that way. Then came General Eisenhower to remind us that prose and presidency are not necessarily twin talents. Now the point is forcefully confirmed as Germany's ninety-year-old Konrad Adenauer weighs in with the first volume of his memoirs.

Out of affection I can only report that the Old Man is considerably more fascinating than this book makes him appear. His speech is as salty as his writing is desiccated. But *Der Alte* still lives too much for today to show much passion for contemplating yesterday.

His memoirs are a labor of patently little love and much application—not all of it, necessarily, by Dr. Adenauer himself. I found very little that I could not have read elsewhere. This book is likely to disappoint interested Americans, as it did Germans last year, who had rubbed their hands in expectation of political thunderbolts, or at least fresh insights.

Three years ago, distastefully contemplating the surrender of power being tugged from his hands, Chancellor Adenauer broached to me, with bated enthusiasm, the idea of putting pen to paper after retirement. For his lack of preparation he had ex-post-facto justification. "I have kept no diary, but that was design, not negligence. I do not trust the impressions formed in the heat of the day's events. But I have a good memory and can reconstruct much."

In his hilltop home on the Rhine, where a summer pavilion was converted into a glass-walled workroom "so that I can look in any direction," he did not choose, as a starter, to cast his memory further back than the eight years starting in 1945. Though his ninety years span Germany's history from Bismarck's creation of a unified state, he begins here with a defeated and partitioned Germany. For Dr. Adenauer, 1945 was the opening of what he once described to me as the third of his "three lives."

The first and "most beautiful" was as a youth, civil servant, and mayor in his

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native Cologne. The second and "most dreadful" time was the Hitler years, spent in disgrace, hiding and, for a brief period, in prison. This third life, "less beautiful" than the first, was his emergence into national politics and West Germany's re-emergence into the civilized world.

The eight-year period covered in the *Memoirs* opens with American shells being lobbed across the Rhine into the ex-mayor's garden and closes with the Chancellor of a semi-sovereign Republic paying his first visit to the land the shells came from, laying a wreath at Arlington National Cemetery as an American service band plays the German anthem. "It had been a long and hard road . . ."

A LONG, hard road indeed! And one that Dr. Adenauer charted, welding his vacillating Republic to the West; skillfully using the Cold War to bring an end to de-Nazification, industrial dismantling, and the severest features of occupation; starting West Germany on the way to rearmament and economic integration in Western Europe; organizing the Christian Democratic Union to win an upset victory against the Social Democrats in 1949—and more predictable victories in every election since.

But Dr. Adenauer is not able, or willing, to cast much retrospective illumination onto that long, hard road. Instead, he relies heavily on archive material, slowing the book down frequently to a yawn-evoking crawl. There is a plethora of speeches, communiques, and treaties and a sparseness of insight, motivation, and unifying thought.

The generalizations are musty clichés. In 1945, "the great task consisted in awakening and strengthening the democratic forces." The Berliners, for their conduct in the 1948-49 blockade, "have the gratitude of all . . . people everywhere who love freedom." In the light of the Cold War, "there was only one possibility that made sense for Germany: to make common cause with the West and to take her place in a free Europe." But there is no effort to reappraise where democratization, Berlin, or European unification stood at the end of eight years, let alone where they stand today.

Where Dr. Adenauer has failed us most is in explaining how he did it, how a septuagenarian took this shattered country and bent it to his will. About the manner in which he grasped and held power he displays a reticence approaching disingenuousness.

For example, he writes that when the CDU Committee met in 1946, "I opened the meeting as the oldest member present and subsequently became its chairman by general request." This hardly does justice to the masterful intrigue by which, as described in Paul Weymar's authorized biography, Dr. Adenauer "usurped the leadership of the party by appointing himself 'President by seniority' and gripping the reins before the convener of the meeting, Dr. Holzapfel, had recoverd from his astonishment."

His selection as Chancellor after the 1949 election gets similarly laconic treatment. "I was surprised when someone interrupted me and proposed me as Federal Chancellor. I had a look at their faces and said: 'If all those present agree, I accept. I have talked to Professor Martini, my doctor, and asked him if at my age I could accept this office at least for a year. He has no objections. He even thinks I can carry on for two years.'"

There is dry irony in this account of the meeting of CDU leaders, engineered to be held at his home to insure his control, being "surprised" by his nomination, though ready with a doctor's report permitting him two years that were to lengthen into fourteen.

But reticence becomes less humorous when directed at obliterating the role of Ludwig Erhard, his Economic Minister, who was to survive his contumely and finally succeed him in office. One will search in vain for Dr. Erhard as the author of the free-wheeling "Social Market Economy" program that became the CDU's biggest vote-getter. The program is there, but Dr. Adenauer's inexplicable vindictiveness has turned Dr. Erhard almost into an un-person.

Earlier this year he was still intriguing, in vain, to prevent his chairmanship of the CDU from passing into Erhard's hands when he yielded that position, too.

There are other distortions reflecting *Der Alte's* unreconciled resentment against former foes. Interior Minister Gustav Heinemann, an associate of Pastor Martin Niemöller, president of the German Evangelical Church, who left the Cabinet in 1950 in a bitter dispute over rearmament, is described by Dr. Adenauer as having "tendered his resignation in a moment of agitation." Unmentioned is the Chancellor's pressure for the resignation and his own agitated speech before the Cabinet saying that a Minister who supported Pastor Niemöller in his "high treason" was "untenable."

Single-mindedness and fascination with the fray—Dr. Adenauer's strength as a politician—constitute his weakness as a historian. His eloquence is evoked by an audience and a contest, not by a pad of ruled paper in a lonely study. The Adenauer Era is a great story, but not one that Adenauer can write.

Historic Return to College

***Three Years in Mississippi,** by James Meredith (Indiana University Press. 328 pp. $5.95), documents, move by move, the author's struggle to gain admission to "Ole Miss" as its first Negro student. Barbaralee D. Diamonstein is a member of the White House staff.*

By BARBARALEE D. DIAMONSTEIN

THE AMERICAN civil rights movement rolls on. It has its own inner dynamic, its own ineluctable sweep. Quickly the names of individuals—Autherine Lucy, Vivian Malone—slip into half-memory and become mere footnotes to history. But individuals they are, often quite complex individuals; and *Three Years in Mississippi* provides an intimate portrait of one of the most striking of the pioneers cast up by the Negro surge.

In an interview James Meredith has stated that he published his book with an academic rather than a commercial publisher because Indiana University Press "was willing to let me write the book I wanted to write. . . . There are some things involved in this society that can be told only by a Negro. Some things are best said by the personal construction you give them. . . ." The words in *Three Years in Mississippi* are quite obviously Meredith's own, giving the volume its curious—and curiously moving—tone of half dispassionate documentary and half angry tract.

Mr. Meredith begins with a description of the Mississippi to which he returned after nine years in the Air Force. These pages are highly effective humanized sociology. All the sights and sounds of Deep South Negro life are here in revealing plenitude: the total removal from the white community; the constant grinding pressure of white supremacy; the escape hatch of a jumping, shouting Protestantism; the manners and mores of an intellectual "in-group" in a Negro college; the brooding preoccupation with the relationship between the white man and the Negro woman. The memories of slavery were never absent. Meredith himself had no given name – he grew up as J. H. Meredith—and it was only during the legal crisis that the name "James" was acquired.

Less explicit, but no less clear, are the roles of World War II and the election of John F. Kennedy in producing the Negro revolution. The whole shape of Meredith's attitudes is unthinkable without

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his years outside Mississippi in a desegregated army. And it is he who points out, with due underscoring, that he sent his first letter of application to the University of Mississippi the day after President Kennedy's inauguration.

The stage having been set, Mr. Meredith describes his battle to enter and to remain at the university. Move by move, sometimes hour by hour, he tells the story: the letters back and forth; the legal wrangles; the ridiculous posture of Governor Barnett in declaring himself registrar of the university and the no less ridiculous maneuverings of other officials; the humiliations, the violence, along with the unexpected flashes of decency.

All the while James Meredith the human being emerges. It is not hard to see why both friends and foes have had their difficulties with him. Again and again he refers unabashedly to his "divine responsibility." His "most stabilizing belief," he adds, "is that I have never made a mistake in my life. . . ." He is quite positive that James Meredith was right and the U.S. marshals or the NAACP wrong in particular episodes; that Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was "detrimental" to the Negro; that Negroes recognize "only 'Success' and 'Titles,'" and that any change in the Negro's status "cannot be gradual, it must essentially be quick and drastic."

YET such things are only part—and probably the least important part—of this particular personality. Throughout history, few human beings have been able to sustain themselves in hazardous pioneering adventures without a sense of mission, divine or otherwise; few have denied themselves the comfort of infallibility. James Meredith undertook a role that was not only dangerous but just about as nerve-wracking as encrusted bigotry could devise. He met the supreme test, as he points out, by surviving. This took not only courage but a whole complex of personal qualities that are none too frequently encountered.

Reading this book brings a deep sense of shame. It is shocking to have to recall that only a few years ago the full engines of federal power were needed to force entry for a qualified student into an American university. But if the recent past is jolting, the changes since then are equally encouraging. Today, three years after Meredith graduated with federal marshals standing guard, an estimated twelve Negoes are attending the University of Mississippi without incident; and in a dozen other ways the yeast of social revolution is at work in that state and throughout the South.

Yet, if *Three Years in Mississippi* is a heartening expression of how far we have come, it is also a warning of how far we have to go.

The Cry of the Forsaken

The Gates of the Forest, *by Elie Wiesel, translated from the French by Francis Frenaye (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 226 pp. $4.95), compounded of fantasy and realism, tells of a Hungarian Jewish lad who plays a mute to escape capture by fascistic soldiers. Emile Capouya's contributions as literary critic and essayist regularly appear in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE LEGEND runs like this: In the mountains of the border country between Hungary and Rumania, during the second Great War, Gregor, a young boy, is hiding in a cave. If the Hungarian soldiers find him, they will send him off to a death-camp, for he is a Jew. A wanderer approaches the cave; although he too is a Jew and a fugitive, he seems insensible of danger. He has second sight. His name is Gavriel.

He tells the boy that he has known the Messiah on earth, in the person of a pious man. Because of the afflictions heaped upon the Jews, Gavriel had importuned the Messiah to reveal himself, arrest the bloody course of human history, and see justice done. But the man was evasive and apologetic, and Gavriel railed at him. Then he died, and Gavriel was filled with remorse because he had tried the Messiah beyond his strength, and demanded justice of a being who could do no more than share in the sufferings of mankind.

The Hungarian soldiers are combing the mountainside. They will surely discover the cave. Gavriel goes to meet them, so that the boy may escape. Gregor makes his way to the house of a peasant woman who has served his family. She decides to shelter him, pretending that he is her sister's son; since the village is Rumanian and Gregor's accent will betray him, she has him pretend to be a mute. The villagers talk freely to the dumb boy, making him the repository of their secrets. When, at the season of the yearly passion play, no one is willing to play Judas, Gregor is pressed into the role. As the play progresses, the villagers, in their horror at Judas and in resentment of the mute who has heard their confessions, storm the stage and try to kill Gregor. He is saved by the intervention of a Rumanian nobleman who has reason to think that Gregor may be his son, and he sends the boy across the border to relative safety.

Thus far the legend. Thus far, that is, the traditional themes, Jewish and Central European, sharing the qualities of dream and vague symbol, and serving as prologue to a story that thereafter moves uneasily between realism and fantasy. Gregor joins a unit of the Jewish resistance, tries to rescue Gavriel from prison and merely brings about the capture of a comrade in the attempt. He manages somehow to survive until the war's end. Then he is in New York, haunted by the memory of Gavriel, and married to a woman who persists in seeing in Gregor her dead sweetheart. At a gathering, Gregor meets a man whom he takes for Gavriel. The stranger denies him, but in equivocal language. The meeting is a sign for Gregor, revealing to him what manner of man he is, and suggesting that he must cut himself off

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Tired of Tom, Mary, and Barbra, expectant parents will find some unhackneyed names listed below by Lois Corkery of Long Beach, Calif. She also lists the literary works in which they appear, and asks if you can link them. Answers on page 40.

Huw ( )	1. *Benito Cereno*
Clym ( )	2. *Beowulf*
Wallstreet Panic ( )	3. *The Deerslayer*
Jeeter ( )	4. *Green Mansions*
Grizzle ( )	5. *How Green Was My Valley*
Weena ( )	6. *The Informer*
Rima ( )	7. *Moby Dick*
Babo ( )	8. *The Old Man and the Sea*
Bumppo ( )	9. *Peregrine Pickle*
Gypo ( )	10. *Rasselas*
Imlac ( )	11. *The Return of the Native*
Hygelac ( )	12. *The Time Machine*
Manolin ( )	13. *Tobacco Road*
Queequeg ( )	14. *The Town*

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from ghosts of the past, become himself.

Readers familiar with Wiesel's books, will recognize in this novel his preoccupation with the Universal Father who is not at his post, who does not succor his children in their need. In *Night*, Mr. Wiesel, the former Talmudic student, tells how the concentration camp destroyed his belief in God; his subsequent books have been in large part arraignments of that God, and an attempt to find a moral center in some other being or power. Mr. Wiesel is indeed an intensely religious man. He questions obsessively the Creator and Judge whose existence he denies.

Mr. Wiesel has been much praised, and by eminent critics, for his qualities as a writer. My own feeling is that his literary talent, in the narrow sense, is quite meager. When he abandons what I have called traditional materials, he is clumsy in design, close to sentimentality in tone, and stylistically undistinguished. (Since he writes in French and I have read only translations of his works, these strictures may be excessive, but I do suppose that a talented writer shows his force even in a foreign tongue.) What really distinguishes Mr. Wiesel is moral earnestness. The Jews invented a Supreme Being in the image of their hunger for a universal morality, and have not ceased from questioning and admonishing the spirit of their desire. That vision Mr. Wiesel pursues even in despair, and certainly he is worth a tribe of literary fops with nothing to say and wondrous ways of saying it. Nevertheless he seems to me to be not so much a writer as a man crying in the wilderness. He is no artist, but the accuser of an absent God.

Mr. Friendship Finds Peace

***Who Are the Violets Now?**, by Auberon Waugh (Simon & Schuster. 252 pp. $4.95), satirizes the Peace Movement in England. Eric Moon is editor of Library Journal.*

By ERIC MOON

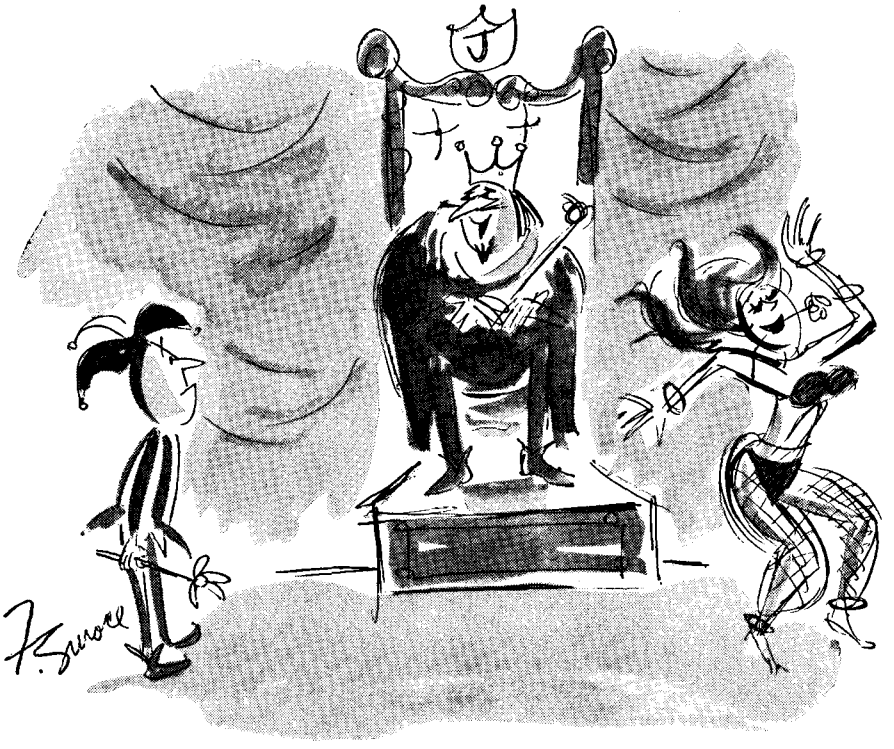
"SIZZLING with speed, filled with panache and sangfroid," says *Punch*. Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* rhapsodizes over the author's "waspish wit," while the London *Times*, more fashionably, talks of "black humour" but finds it survived by the author's "idiosyncratic humanity." Inspired, perhaps, by these raves from the London reviewers, the blurb writer adds his paean to the jacket: "a triumph of comic outrage" and a "new comedy of manners" written by "a master at puncturing the pretensions of modern society."

Now some of this might have been not inappropriately applied to *Decline and Fall* or *Vile Bodies*, or even *The Loved One*, but as comments on this novel by Evelyn Waugh's son they must be considered mildly extravagant. Auberon Waugh has inherited the upper-class English superciliousness and High Tory attitudes of his father but not, in large enough measure, the razored wit and talent that lifted the best of Waugh *père's* satire above his narrow world. Auberon Waugh's brand of satire hangs limply between the snicker (see how clever and daring I am) and the sneer (look at all these stupid, futile people).

His chief target is the Peace Movement in England. Its vacuousness and futility are personified in Arthur Friendship (note the subtlety of the name), a rather staid old innocent who earns his living as medical columnist, Miss Lonelyhearts, and staff book critic of *Woman's Dream*. His involvement with the peaceniks is only one of Friendship's pathetic weaknesses. The other is his naïve incompetence with the female sex, as demonstrated by his (futile, of course) pursuit of the free-wheeling Liz Pedal and his discovery that she is far from the goddess of purity and beauty he believes (Why, she even sleeps with a Negro, Waugh's plot exclaims with comic subtlety). Waugh clearly is demonstrating his cynical modernity by underlining the old-fashioned aspects of Friendship, who still believes, ridiculously, that both peace and goodness in women are possible and desirable.

THERE are other good jokes galore. We are, for example, invited to chuckle with Waugh at the awfulness of Friendship's face after he has made a brave (but futile, of course) attempt to rescue a baby from a blazing building. Or if that's not your kind of humor, you can giggle over a pyrotechnic display of racial attitudes. Among these, there is Captain Starter (he works in Whitehall) who tells stories about "one of those colored chaps at Sandhurst. . . . We used to call him Fuzzy Wuzzy, but the staff there knew him as Bingo the Bongo, the big fat Dongo." And there is nasty American Negro poet Thomas (Toe-mass) Gray, who appeals to the masochism of Friendship's peace group with such stirring sentiments as: "You can buy us off—for a time—until you have given over every penny. You can offer us your women—daughters, wives and mothers. You can plead with us to take everything and only spare you. But it is too late. The explosion will come, no matter how long you manage to put it off. You can't alter history, and we are the people of the future."

One could illustrate the scintillating "wit" further. But these few samples may be enough to show that this is a desperately funny book—if you have a desperate sense of humor.



"Meet your summer replacement."

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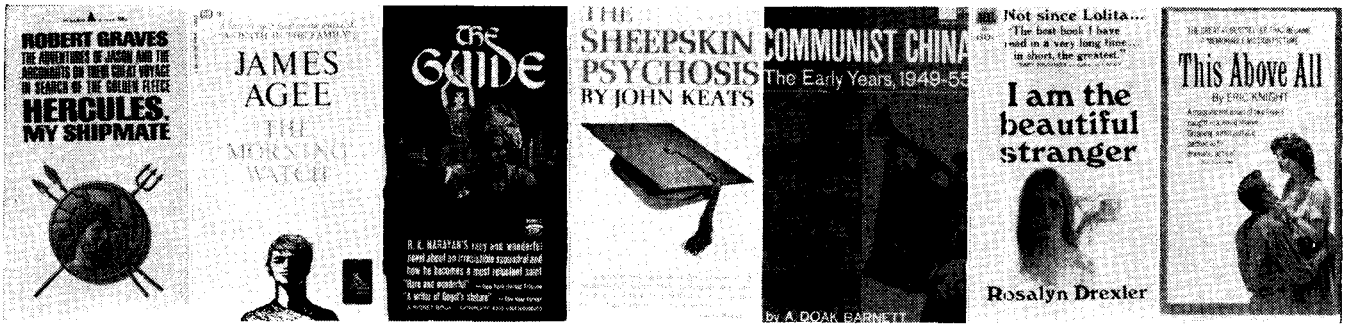

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"It begins by washing the dishes or cleaning the apartment and getting myself into that hypnotic state to start writing. All this preliminary activity is just a little dance around the typewriter," said Rosalyn Drexler, whose first novel, *I Am the Beautiful Stranger* (Dell, 60¢), was greeted with reviewers' raves. Terry Southern called it "the greatest" and *Newsweek* "brilliant." Like a lower-class Holden Caulfield, her teen-aged heroine, Selma Silver, is honest, funny, touching. In common with Selma, Mrs. Drexler is a New Yorker who attended the famous High School of Music and Art. She lives with her husband, the well-known painter Sherman Drexler, their nineteen-year-old daughter, and seven-year-old son in New York City. She's a woman of many talents. Her satiric drama *The Investigation*, previewed in Boston, will be seen together with another play, *Hot Buttered Roll*, in New York. Recently Mrs. Drexler wrote the lyrics to *Home Movies*, a play with music. Writing is only one of her artistic achievements. A sculptor, she had a Manhattan show in 1960. "I started to sculpt with things I saw around the house. Nuts, bolts, anything," she said. "But I'm not interested in sculpting now. When I need manual creativity, I paint." Last month she had her own show from which a painting was selected for exhibit in the Whitney Museum. "Even when I'm painting, though, I'm having literary thoughts, like telling myself stories. And when I'm writing, part of the pleasure is physical and visual. I like using the typewriter, the rhythm, creating order with the lines on the paper," she said. "Painting, sculpting, writing, it's all the same thing."

One of this country's most distinguished authorities on the Far East is A. Doak Barnett, amiable, articulate professor at Columbia University who testified recently before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's Vietnam hearings. As a Fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs and a Public Affairs Officer of the American Consulate-General, he was in China and Hong Kong during the early years of Communist take-over, 1949-55. He writes about them in his book *Communist China* (Praeger, $2.95); see page 35. "I think the United States must take the initiative to increase contacts between China and the U.S., trying to bring them more into the international community while at the same time protecting our own alliances," he said recently at his office at Columbia University's East Asian Institute. Like most Asian experts, Professor Barnett bemoans the lack of reliable information about China available to the American people. "At least we're moving in the right direction. Now newsmen and scholars are authorized to go to China. Gradually maybe it will work both ways. The payoff may not be immediate, but if we have a flow of information between countries, it begins to add up.". . . *The Vietnam Hearings* (Vintage, $1.95), just published, with an introduction by J. William Fulbright, offers the statements of Dean Rusk, James M. Gavin, George F. Kennan, Maxwell Taylor. An important book for any informed opinions about U.S. foreign policy.

May is a bonanza month for gathering laurels and let us point out a few crowned heads. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s magnificently recalled account of the Kennedy years, *A Thousand Days*, which won both the Pulitzer Prize for Biography and the National Book Award for History and Biography, will be published in paperback by Fawcett sometime after it departs from the peak of the best-seller lists—probably not until early next year. . . . The Pulitzer Prize for Poetry went to Richard B. Eberhart's *Selected Poems 1930-1965*, already a New Directions paperback ($1.75). . . . Pocket Books enjoyed a signal honor recently when the American Institute of Graphic Arts devoted their entire New York exhibition of paperbacks to Pocket Books and Washington Square Press covers. The display, emphasizing the originality of conception and design, is now touring coast-to-coast.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

In our last review of paperback fiction we touched upon current novels that are beat, blackly humorous, and sometimes both. This month's crop follows a more traditional line in which characters —neither pop, op, nor jet—cleave to the straightforward narrative. Laura Z. Hobson's *First Papers* (Crest, 95¢) shows off two families, one of Protestant New England stock and the other Russian Jewish. The time is pre-World War I, the place New York, the story big, broad, and altogether engaging. When Max Steele's *The Goblins Must Go Barefoot* (Perennial Library, Harper & Row, 75¢) was published fifteen years ago as the Harper Prize Novel, it was called simply *Debby*. This low-keyed account of a simple-minded Southern girl released from a mental institution into the care of a large family, gathering momentum culminates in a tense struggle between two powerful females. Also good to see in print again is *This Above All* (Eagle, $1.25), called "the first of the important World War II novels." Written in 1941 by Eric Knight, an Englishman who lived in this country, the author made immortal a dog called Lassie. His own promising career was cut off at the age of forty-five in a fatal wartime plane crash.

The "other novel" in James Agee's published fiction is *The Morning Watch* (Ballantine, 75¢), an intense portrayal of an adolescent boy's spiritual awakening. Not as mature or complex as *A Death in the Family*, this fine short work nonetheless deserves a place among the slim collection of Agee books.

Also noted, with pleasure: R. K. Narayan's *The Guide* (Signet, 60¢), in which a wily tourist guide zigzags his calling into that of an Indian holy man; Elizabeth Gray Vining's *Take Heed of Loving Me* (Pyramid, 85¢), about John Donne, Elizabethan England's passionate poet who became a great churchman, and his love affair with Sir Thomas More's daughter; it's fictionalized literary history and for those who like that sort of thing, beguiling. And who can

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recreate the glory of ancient Greece the way Robert Graves does? In *Hercules, My Shipmate* (Pyramid, 85¢) the epic adventures of Jason and his Argonauts are wrought into an imperious and dramatic novel.

Learning

In his stimulating, even annoying book *Compulsory Mis-education and the Community of Scholars* (Vintage, $1.95), Paul Goodman, an outspoken critic of much that goes on in American culture, re-examines certain of our staid ideas and proposes some remarkable alternatives. What about noncompulsory class attendance, he asks, or decentralized city schools and centralized country ones, and how about sending schoolchildren part of the year to work on farms? Provocative as ever, Mr. Goodman is particularly unsettling for those whose ideas about education have become merely academic. Neither does John Keats mince words. *The Sheepskin Psychosis* (Delta, $1.85) questions the post-World War II national mania for higher education and argues that college for everyone is not necessarily valid. Like everything else he writes (*The Insolent Chariots, The Crack in the Picture Window*), Mr. Keats's book nettles and persuades.

Did Dr. Clark Kerr invent the term "multiversity"? No matter. As president of the University of California, that vast operation with seven lively campuses including the spirited Berkeley, he defends the idea of a complex, decentralized educational institution most eloquently in *The Uses of the University* (Harper Torchbooks, $1.25), comprising the 1963 Godkin Lectures at Harvard.

While college is the ultimate in higher education, it's no more important in the learning process than kindergarten. *Pre-School Education Today* (Doubleday, $1.45), edited by *The New York Times* Education Editor Fred Hechinger, emphasizes early enrichment as an answer to cultural and social impoverishment. *From Two to Five* (University of California Press, $1.50) is a difficult book to categorize. The author, Kornei Chukovsky, is a celebrated Soviet children's poet, translator of Shakespeare and Swift, and the recipient of an honorary degree from Oxford University for his services to British literature in the Soviet Union. Mr. Chukovsky's book is a highly personal, poetic appreciation of the very young, interspersed with unsentimental observations about the inner lives of children. An altogether lovely book.

Beyond the Bamboo Curtain

Until recently most Westerners' knowledge of life in today's China has been as remote as the Great Barrier Reef, "a blank page," Swiss journalist Lorenz Stucki writes; "in the book of our general knowledge, a mysterious something, behind whose now smiling, now threatening exterior we imagine all kinds of evil." His book *Behind the Great Wall* (Praeger, $1.95) tells of the poverty and progress he observed in Communist China during a two-month visit.

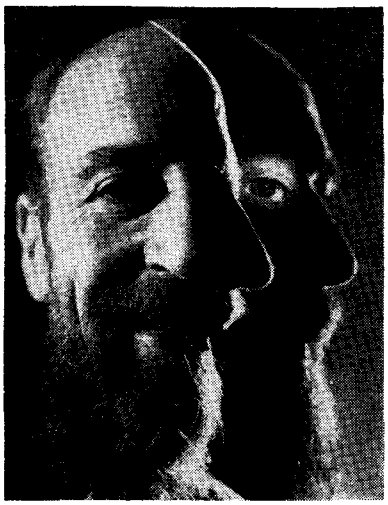
If the United States, Russia, and China are cast into a triangular relationship, the balance between the Soviet Union and China is of utmost importance. Robert C. North's *Moscow and Chinese Communists* (Stanford University Press, $2.95) traces the origins of the Chinese Communist Party, its similarities to and differences from Russian Marxism, and the curious fellowship which has shifted from bear hugs to cold shoulder.

"The threat of the Chinese Communists to the security of Southeast Asia and to world peace is now vastly greater and more urgent than ever before," writes Chiang Kai-shek in a new preface to *Soviet Russia in China* (Noonday, $2.25), abridged from the heftier hardcover published nine years ago. Even in this shortened version most laymen will find the explanation of how it all happened jammed with details of the army maneuvers and betrayals that led to the final all-out attacks .

Those early years of the Communist take-over are the subject of A. Doak Barnett's firsthand report, *Communist China* (Praeger, $2.95), a review of the events of 1949-55, when Barnett was stationed in Hong Kong. His eyewitness account of what Mao Tse-tung called the beginnings of "the new culture" are dramatic in their restraint and illuminating of future events.

Policies Toward China: Views from Six Continents (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), edited by A. M. Halpern, is a part of The United States and China in World Affairs series published by the Council on Foreign Relations and sponsored by the Ford Foundation. The aim of the series —to develop a more informed public about a vital area of foreign policy—is well-served in this weighty volume. Numerous authorities have each contributed a chapter exploring the attitude of other countries toward China. Together they present a forceful statement testifying to the headaches the rest of the world is having in coming to terms with a truculent world power.

And along with these recommended views of China's present, may we offer a book from that country's long and illustrious past, *Gems of Chinese Literature* (Dover, $2.50). This distinguished anthology of prose, poetry, and epigrams edited by the eminent Herbert A. Giles, late Cambridge University professor, reflects a tradition at once elegant and classical, lyrical and pungent.



Angus McBean, self-portrait

—*Frederick H. Evans.*

Aubrey Beardsley

The great names and many of the great pictures are here in *A Concise History of Photography* (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95), a prodigious anthology by Helmut and Alison Gernsheim, whose photo-historical collection was recently purchased by the University of Texas for its own history of photography. Karsh's Churchill, Richard Avedon's Stravinsky, Eliot Elisofon's Louis Armstrong are among the famous faces, but dozens of nameless people—the tenant farmer's wife, the Mexican prostitute, the dozing Parisian tramp—capture the variety of life and experience.

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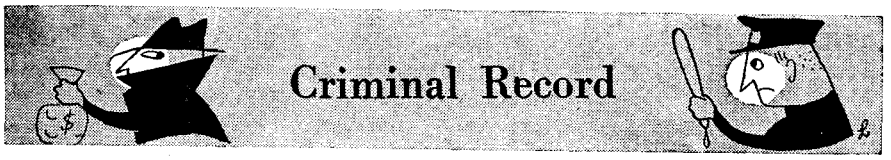

Night's Evil. *By Mark McShane. Crime Club.* $3.50. Slaughter of playboy puts Norman Pink, ex-English cop and now private eye, on track of traveling carnival that crosses border into Scotland, where hell breaks loose. Wispy but pleasant.

Murder by 3's. *By Patricia Moyes. Introduction by Anthony Boucher. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $5.95. Author's first omnibus includes her memorable *Dead Men Don't Ski* (1960), *Down Among the Dead Men* (1961), and *Falling Star* (1964), all reciting the detection disciplines of Chief Inspector Henry Tibbett, CID, not to mention his wife, Emmy.

The World's Greatest Spies. *By Charles Wighton. Taplinger.* $4.50. These brisk accounts of the careers of master enemy agents, real or alleged, recall names that are largely familiar (Sorge, Cicero, Abel, *et al.*) Author thinks Mata Hari got a raw deal.

13 Ways to Dispose of a Body. *Compiled and edited by Basil Davenport. Dodd, Mead.* $4. This final anthology assembled by a connoisseur of crime literature includes stories by British and American authors wherein the protagonists who wish "that this too too solid flesh would melt" do not mean their own.

No Escape. *By Josephine Bell. Macmillan.* $3.95. Fine hospital background makes this yarn fascinating; don't worry about drugs angle (author is English M.D. and her terminal note on addiction is highly pertinent).

Death Walks in Eastrepps. *By Francis Beeding.* ***The Man in the Corner.*** *By Baroness Orczy.* ***Lady Into Fox.*** *By David Garnett. Norton.* 3 Vols. $3.95 each. This second cluster in the Seagull Library of Mystery and Suspense, all under the competent editorship of Vincent Starrett (who supplies crisp introductions), restores to circulation a full-length collaborative novel, a notable collection of short stories, and a famous novella.

The Paper Dolls. *By L. P. Davies. Crime Club.* $3.95. English schoolteachers (he and she), disturbed by conduct of one of their pupils, embark on investigation that has terrifying results. A bit of an oddity, but holds up admirably. (Come again, sir.)

The Heir Hunters. *By Bill S. Ballinger. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Impecunious law student, passing out handbills in Hollywood area, locates trove of bankbooks, seeks inheritors; women impede his progress (not to mention murder). Fine follow-your-nose job.

Eighty Million Eyes. *By Ed McBain. Delacorte.* $3.50. TV comic does final fadeout before network audience; 87th Precinct boys, with lab's help, pin murder tag on the right wrong guy. In the groove.

A Small War Made to Order. *By Norman Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.50. English drifter (he reviews books) enters Cuba ostensibly as Canadian left-wing journalist but actually as pre-invasion intelligence scout; finds the going real rugged (but Sloppy Joe's is still open). A suspense novel of authentic distinction.

House on Greenapple Road. *By Harold R. Daniels. Random House.* $3.95. Massachusetts housewife's disappearance (how account for those seven pints of blood splashed around her kitchen?) gives capable Lt. Nalon of local cops a Grade A worrier. Excellent procedural performance.

A Candle for the Dead. *By Hugh Marlowe. Abelard-Schuman.* $3.50. Irish rebel flees English prison, runs into plots and counterplots in usually quiet Wordsworthian area. Fine chase piece, with considerable rough stuff.

A Matter of Love and Death. *By Tobias Wells. Crime Club.* $3.50. Miami lass, domiciled in Boston by well-heeled Back Bay couple, is accused of their murder; nice Detective Knute Severson puzzles over this one (and let's hope we see him again soon).

The Case of the Innocent Victims. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $3.95. Infant's suffocation hands Yard Super Handsome West a real toughie; adult deaths follow. A harrowing experience for all concerned, including the reader.

Criminal Conversation. *By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Inspector van der Valk of Amsterdam police, posing unofficially as a patient, consults a physician who may be a killer. Urbane and literate, as expected.

Widows Wear Weeds. *By A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner). Morrow.* $3.50. Donald Lam toils overtime to line up case in which who is blackmailing whom is problem (murder fails to clarify matters); Bertha Cool quiescent, Sgt. Sellers otherwise. Full of the old bounce, but fractured paragraphing continues to annoy. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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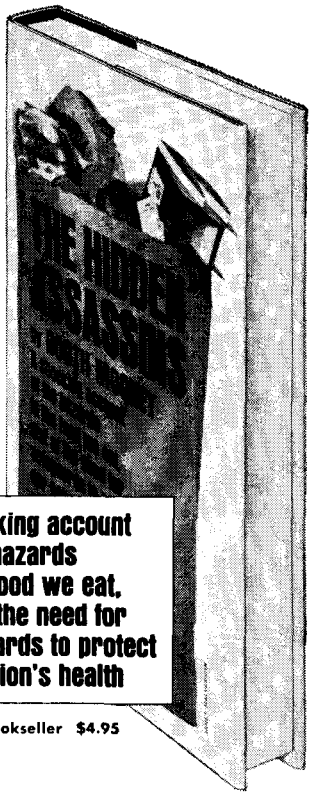

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

BUSINESS GROWTH. Edited by R. S. Edwards and H. Townsend. St. Martin's. $8.

GROWTH AND WELFARE IN THE AMERICAN PAST: A New Economic History. By Douglass C. North. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

Current Affairs

HERE IS YOUR ENEMY: James Cameron's Complete Report from North Vietnam. By James Cameron. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

IRELAND SINCE THE RISING. By Timothy Patrick Coogan. Praeger. $6.95.

LOVE AND HATE IN CHINA. By Hans Koningsberger. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

NATIONALISM AND IDEOLOGY. By Barbara Ward. Norton. $3.75.

THE NEW RADICALS. By Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau. Random House. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

PATTERNS OF COMPETITIVE COEXISTENCE: USA vs. USSR. Edited by Young Hum Kim. Putnam. $7.95.

RADICALISM IN AMERICA. By Sidney Lens. Crowell. $8.95.

SOVIET ECONOMIC POWER: Its Organization, Growth and Challenge. By Robert W. Campbell. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95. (Revised edition.)

TRIUMPH OR TRAGEDY: Reflections on Vietnam. By Richard N. Goodwin. Random House, Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.25.

WILL THE HUMAN RACE SURVIVE? By Henry Still. Hawthorn. $5.95.

Fiction

THE ADVERSARY. By Jan Widgery. Doubleday. $5.95.

ALLEY JAGGARS. By Paul West. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE ANGEL AND THE CUCKOO. By Gerald Kersh. New American Library. $5.95.

A DAM FOR NOTHING. By Leslie Stephan. Viking. $4.95.

END OF A DAY. By Beatriz Guido. Scribners. $4.95.

I, THE KING. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE LAST VALLEY. By Ben Haas. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

LOVE PLAY. By Alexander Eliot. New American Library. $5.95.

RESCUE MISSION. By John Ball. Harper & Row. $4.50.

THE ROSY CRUCIFIXION: *Sexus, Plexus* and *Nexus*. By Henry Miller. Grove. Boxed set, $14.95. *Sexus* and *Plexus*, $7.50 each. *Nexus*, $5.

SHADOW FROM LADAKH. By Bhabani Bhattacharya. Crown. $4.95.

SWORD OF HONOUR. By David Beaty. Morrow. $3.95.

THE VIRGIN SOLDIERS. By Leslie Thomas. Little, Brown. $4.95.

History

JUSTICE IN JERUSALEM. By Gideon Hausner. Harper & Row. $12.50.

THE KING AND BECKET. By Nesta Pain. Barnes & Noble. $5.

MAPS OF THE ANCIENT SEA KINGS: Evidence of Advanced Civilization in the Ice Age. By Charles H. Hapgood. Chilton. $14.50.

NONVIOLENCE IN AMERICA: A Documentary History. Edited by Staughton Lynd. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

UGARIT AND MINOAN CRETE: The Bearing of Their Texts on the Origins of Western Culture. By Cyrus H. Gordon. Norton. $7.50.

Miscellany

THE BIRTH CONTROLLERS. By Peter Fryer. Stein & Day. $6.95.

CHILDREN OF THE UPROOTED. Edited by Oscar Handlin. Braziller. $8.50.

THE HAPHAZARD GOURMET. By Richard Gehman. Scribners. $5.95.

MCCALL'S BARBECUE COOKBOOK. By *McCall's Magazine*. Random House. $2.95.

TIME PROBE: The Sciences in Science Fiction. Edited by Arthur C. Clarke. Delacorte. $4.95.

Personal History

AS WE KNEW HIM: The Stevenson Story by Twenty-Two Friends. Edited by Edward P. Doyle. Harper & Row. $6.95.

CLEAN YOUNG ENGLISHMAN: An Autobiography of Our Times. By John Gale. Coward-McCann. $4.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES BOSWELL AND JOHN JOHNSTON OF GRANGE. Edited by Ralph S. Walker. McGraw-Hill. $17.50.

HOWARD HUGHES. By John Keats. Random House. $5.95.

ON THE BOUNDARY: An Autobiographical Sketch. By Paul Tillich. Scribners. $3.95.

PROMETHEUS: The Life of Balzac. By André Maurois. Harper & Row. $10.

Psychology

DIALOGUE WITH ERICH FROMM. By Richard I. Evans. Harper & Row. $4.95.

ON THE HISTORY OF THE PSYCHO-ANALYTIC MOVEMENT. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by Joan Riviere. Norton. $3.50.

Religion, Philosophy

THE DE-ROMANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Edward Wakin and Father Joseph F. Scheuer. Macmillan. $6.95.

FOREIGN POLICY IN CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVE. By John Coleman Bennett. Scribners. $3.50.

THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS. By D. Elton Trueblood. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION. Edited by Lewis W. Spitz. Prentice-Hall. Paperback. $1.95.

Sociology

MULTIVALENT MAN. By Alfred McClung Lee. Braziller. $7.95.

THE YOUNG NEGRO IN AMERICA, 1960-1980. By Samuel D. Proctor. Association Press. $3.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

NATIONALISM AND IDEOLOGY

By BARBARA WARD. A blueprint for achieving world order, by the author of FIVE IDEAS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD. "Enlightening and stimulating." — DIRK U. STIKKER, former Secretary-General of NATO. $3.75

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By FRANKLIN RUSSELL. The birds and people of the North Atlantic islands, as seen by "the most accomplished writer in the nature field since the late Rachel Carson." — *Book Week*. Illustrated. $5.95

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Creation" by Bernstein—Plug for Paxton

AMONG the contradictions that make up the crosshatchings of Leonard Bernstein's artistic individuality—and every comparable personality has his share of them—one of the most conspicuous is his affinity for the works of Joseph Haydn. It relates to no known line of descent, community of background, or, even, likeness of character. But there is, nevertheless, an undercurrent of understanding that runs deeper than can be conveyed by words.

This began to be apparent even before he started his tenure as the Philharmonic's music director, when he programmed one or another of Haydn's symphonies. It has become more apparent as the number has multiplied and the range has widened. It reached its zenith lately in Philharmonic Hall when he put himself to the challenge of *The Creation*, which climaxed this season no less than it did Haydn's own lifework. It came off so well one was tempted to imagine that Bernstein, like Haydn, would have been a musician with or without regard for the economic advantages of the time in which he lived. Or, to put it another way, whether a composer worked for royalty, as Haydn did, or royalties, as is customary today.

One of the standard "facts" about Haydn is the extent to which his example influenced his junior contemporary Mozart. True enough in the formal sense (as in the celebrated string quartets Mozart dedicated to Haydn), it bears some closer scrutiny where musical content is concerned. Some of Haydn's greatest works were written not only in reaction to the living example of Mozart, but in a kind of retrospect after the latter's tragically early death. Certainly *The Creation* is unthinkable without Mozart's operas, especially *The Magic Flute*, to which it bears many points of resemblance in color, expression, and spirit.

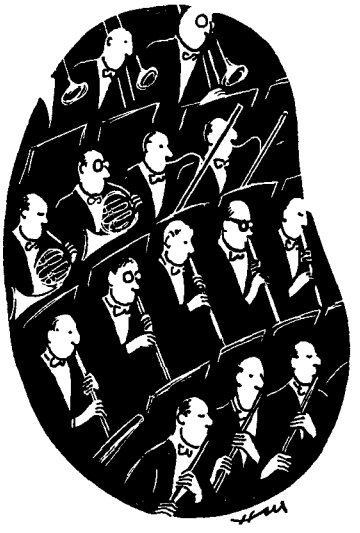
Because Bernstein is nearly as good a Mozart as he is a Haydn conductor, the total emerged strong, full, rich, and of a piece. The dramatic ebb and flow were propelled by a strong sense of momentum, the emotion was pure, the sentiment uncluttered. Above all, the awareness that the miracle of creation is renewed each time the sun rises coursed through a performance untinged by any ism—whether prefaced by Catholic, Protestant or Juda—save humanism.

One oddity was the presence of John Reardon as the solo baritone for the music of Raphael and Adam. This gave him a clean sweep of the great Haydn oratorio roles within a single season, as he also participated in Shaw's version of *The Seasons* several months ago. This latest demonstration of aptitude was much more to his credit, not merely because the music lies better for his voice but also because what he did was better integrated with the performance as a whole. My taste in tenors would have run to a more flexible singer than Alexander Young for the lyric line of Uriel, but it is sufficient to say, otherwise, that this English tenor lived up to all the expectations of artistry identified with his career at home. The soprano was Judith Raskin, a statement that prompted nothing but maximum expectations for the music of Gabriel and Eve. She not only matched them technically, but added some touches of artistry uncommon even for her. The excellent, and appropriately small-sized Camerata Singers (trained by Abraham Kaplan) made for the right kind of blend to balance Bernstein's conception of orchestral and vocal values.

Music plays so small a part of the week's (or month's, or year's) round of television programing that the ear automatically takes note of something that is listenable as well as audible. Having missed the introductory credits for NBC's *The Hill Country* on a recent Channel 4 showing, I could only guess whether the flow of artfully elaborated, warmly felt sound that came and went with President Lyndon Johnson's tour of his Texas homeland belonged to the skilled hand of Norman dello Joio or the creative mind of Aaron Copland.

As it turned out, the name attached to it was neither of these, but the less familiar one of Glenn Paxton. Appropriate sources revealed that Paxton has no closer connection with Texas than the campus of Princeton University, where he studied with Milton Babbitt, and that his firmest hold on fame, prior to this, was the score for a "musical" version of *Pride and Prejudice* known as *First Impressions*. For those who may have heard, and noted, the quality of the musical background for *The Hill Country* it may be a point of interest that all the material (save for one folk tune utilized in connection with the Johnson City segment) was Paxton's own. Herbert Grossman's conducting earned a share of the credit also.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Death of a Salesman

TELEVISION rarely sees exciting bits of acting, but there was one recently that could make a viewer start with a sharp intake of breath. It happened on the CBS television network during Act Two of the two-hour color production of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

Willy Loman has been fired by his young boss. The aging salesman comes pounding hysterically into the office of Charley, his friend. Lee J. Cobb, playing Willy, finds Bernard, Charley's son, in the office. This is the school-grind, the anemic worm that Willy and his popular, athletic sons once scorned. Now Bernard is a successful lawyer on his way to Washington, carrying a tennis racquet to play on the private court of affluent friends.

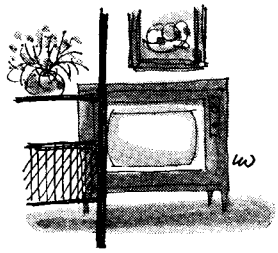
Willy desperately tries to maintain the old razzle-dazzle about his own son Biff's "big deal." Bernard offers him a cigarette from a large, gold cigarette case. Willy stops talking, stares at the case, takes it, holds it, closes it, and passes it back—in a silent passage of torment, despair, and envy.

The cigarette case is a symbol of everything Bernard has won in life—success, status, wealth—and a mocking sign of all that Willy and his two boys have failed to win. The pain on Mr. Cobb's face as his emotions overwhelmed him, the wordless eloquence of his baffled regard for that shining piece of rail that crushed his ego and pierced his boasting—were utterly communicated and shared. I think it was the production's finest moment.

Yet afterward, scanning a reading edition of the play, I found no mention of the cigarette case and this bit of stage business. Seventeen years ago I saw *Death of a Salesman* during its original run on Broadway at the Morosco theater. Perhaps the bit was done on the stage but I don't recall it. Even if it had been done, I'm quite sure it would not have had the same impact, because I would have been sitting too far away from Cobb—who played the role of Willy then, too—to catch the subtlest nuances which the television camera, in close-up, revealed. Whoever suggested the bit gave the actor a rich opportunity and the viewers a rare experience.

Camera close-ups brought many new dimensions to Mr. Miller's play. They revealed Willy Loman's profound reverence for bizarre values when he described an old drummer who had died "the death of a salesman, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, going into Boston." The close shots also brought fresh tenderness and irony to many of the lines of Loman's wife, Linda, played, as in the original Broadway cast, by Mildred Dunnock. The sum of the intimacies of the television version was the secret of the success of this video-taped production.

Arthur Miller prepared the television adaptation himself and admirably preserved its integrity. Alex Segal, who began his career in live television and early learned the medium's sensitivity to emotional nuance, directed the production. It was handsomely mounted by producers David Susskind and David Melnick; and Xerox Corporation, the sponsor, halved the accustomed interruptions by salesmen. Yet it was the actors who carried the event in a medium that permitted them to make the chief contributions.



Paradoxically, the play by itself was not equal to the passage of an era. On television, seventeen years after its first presentation on stage, it appeared dated. Like all plays that diagnose the abuses of their times, its impact lessens with passage of those times.

Willy Loman in 1949, for audiences who remembered the great Depression, was an indictment of a social order that turned men into commodities. Willy Loman, the common man today, is still selling himself on the market of success, but he's no longer terror-ridden by the specter of material want. It's not the death of a salesman that needs to be written now but the death of a consumer.

On the road from the New Deal to the Great Society, Willy's failing refrigerator is an anachronism. Most of the Willy Lomans I know probably watched Arthur Miller's play on color television sets. In recognition of this change, the production dimmed the lights on the play's social protest, and thereby brought into clearer view the more enduring humanity of its people.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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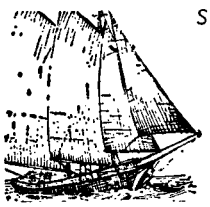
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PROBABLY the most important single factor in a successful regional theater operation is direction. Not a talented omniscient, abruptly inflicting his genius upon a company of actors and technicians with whom he has never before worked, or a visionary, inspiring actors to great performances, but a hard-working director who reconciles himself to the compromises that must be made because of a very limited choice of actors, and one who knows from experience how to use a particular stage and its equipment to best advantage.

Baltimore's Center Stage is fortunate to have such a director in Douglas Seale, who has worked with such celebrated repertory companies as Britain's Birmingham Repertory Theater and London's Old Vic, and holds the distinction of being the only man ever to have directed at all three Stratfords (England, the United States, and Canada). In many years of directing plays on a great variety of stages, Mr. Seale has learned that each architectural variation has slightly different laws, and I suspect that here, in his first season as artistic director of Center Stage, the trials and errors of five productions have put him on the track of the best way to stage plays in this renovated playhouse.

Taking Swiss playwright Max Frisch's abstract parable *The Chinese Wall*, originally conceived as a fairy tale to undeceive us about the biggest fairy tale of all, history, Seale has made a number of bold but shrewd moves. First, he has virtually redesigned the theater, which places a nominal couple of rows of seats on each side of an open stage platform but puts the vast majority of its 350 seats in front of the whole stage area. Realizing the fallacy of using this stage as one might use one where the seating is equally deep on all three sides, Seale has virtually turned his side spectators into participants by lining the walls behind them with gaudy tentcloth and by turning the stage into a circus ring.

Mr. Frisch's play, with its parade of historical clowns, generally thrives in this atmosphere. For the playwright's basic premise is that history should teach us the absurdity of our reverence for emperors, tyrants, and generals, of our enslavement to religious duty, and of our search for meaning in the external world. Frisch demonstrates that the most terrifying force of all is our awareness that we can recognize the theatrical falsity of these illusions yet find ourselves no better able to dispense with them.

The villains are obvious, including Napoleon, Philip of Spain, and Emperor Hwang Ti, who built the great wall of China. They are not villains because they are evil, but because they are motivated by the preservation of their public image. Indeed, Frisch shows us that ordinary mothers can become equally villainous when aroused by the ambition that their sons be people of importance.

There are no heroes. But clearly Frisch admires Brutus, who walks about carrying a sign "Caesar Go Home"; Romeo and Juliet, who are the victims of other people's determination to fight rather than switch; and a young, contemporary intellectual whose bravery stops short of risking extinction. At the end of the play the latter seems to represent the intelligentsia, who are able to outline the desperate world situation accurately and poetically—and are publicly honored for so doing—but who might as well be mute for all their effectiveness in preventing the world from repeating the mistakes of history and destroying itself.

SEALE has audaciously reminded us of specific applications of the play by such devices as changing the text to include prevalent clichés used by public figures. For instance, instead of "The Great Order, the Final Order," we have "the Great Society, the Final Society." Another of Seale's innovations, turning Cleopatra into a dumb Brooklynesque strip-teaser, is dramatically outrageous, but it does alleviate some overlong speeches in what is probably too all-encompassing a play to be fulfilled in one evening of theater.

As one might expect with this sort of large-cast show, many of the performances range from barely adequate to adequate. But Donald Symington's thoughtful young intellectual, John Schuck's dangerously benign emperor, Ellen Darrel Tovatt's sophisticated princess, and Jane Alden's good-naturedly vulgar Cleopatra are at least memorable. And because of David Rodgers' settings, Scott Bushnell's costumes, and Seale's direction, the production not only works nicely but serves to bring to public attention a play whose insight into the most urgent problem of our times (the final times?) demands that it be done by every responsible theater of the Great Society. —HENRY HEWES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Columns One and Three should read: 5, 11, 14, 13, 9, 12, 4; 1, 3, 6, 10, 2, 8, 7.

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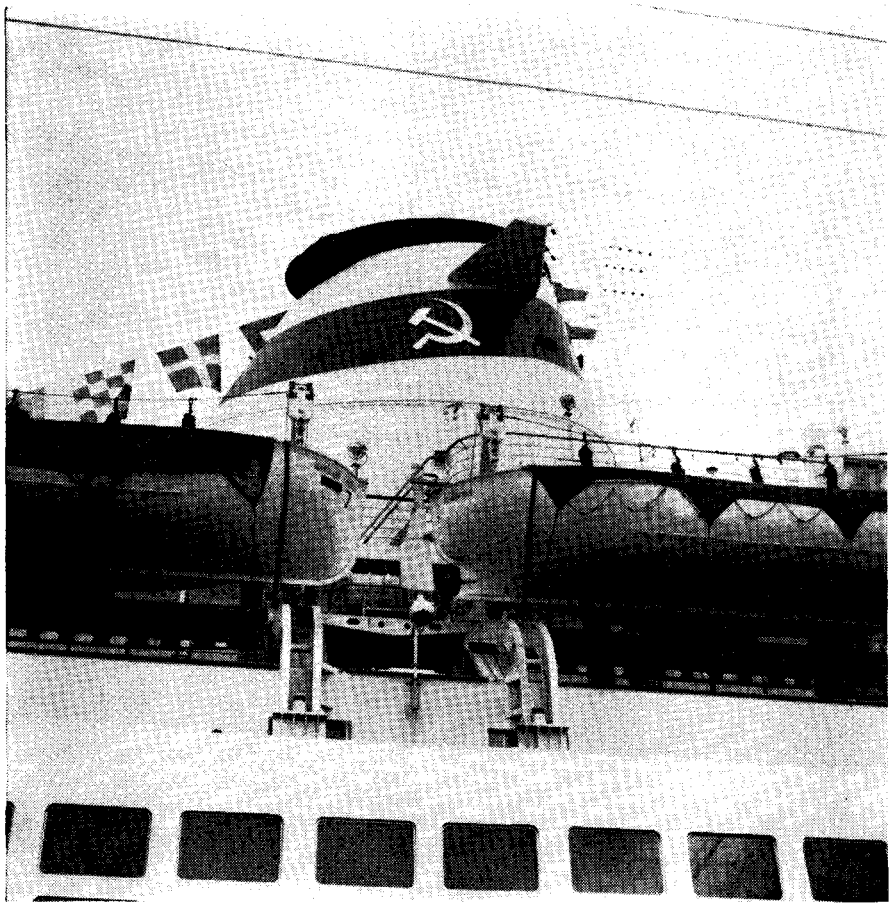
Reds' Sails in the Sunset

ODD ENCOUNTERS are commonplace on the *Pushkin*, the new ocean liner which the Russians have put into service between Leningrad and Montreal. Toward dawn one night on the inaugural voyage, on which I was a passenger, an intriguing joke-telling session developed between a group of Americans, Canadians, and Russians. Every line in every joke was translated by the ship's official interpreter, who managed a formal, official face throughout. They were tasteful jokes, with the possible exception of one Russian story that concerned a group of Soviet scientists stationed in the Antarctic and how they tried to fool Americans in a nearby station into thinking that the Russians had women in their camp. The joke, laboriously translated line by line, took more than twenty minutes to tell, and the punch line, which doubled the Russians with laughter, was lost forever on two of the Canadians who had fallen asleep, victims of vodka, between the beginning and end of the narrative.

Evening music is provided by a seven-piece band called "the Baltic Serenaders," a Leningrad group which is reputedly a leader in the Russian jazz field. It specializes in 1944 Glenn Miller arrangements—*Chattanooga Choo-Choo* and *Pennsylvania 6-5000*, were its best—Dixieland, and jazzed-up versions of *Moscow Nights*. Late Lindy and early twist music fill out its repertoire. Band members acknowledge that they can't keep pace with current music developments since their own radio stations provide only one hour a week of American-type jazz and popular music. The band, however, is thoroughly Meyer-Davis-professional, and takes far fewer breaks than musicians aboard American ships. Another of its specialties is the *letkis*, a kind of bunnyhop, a popular Finnish dance, that energetic Helsinki girls teach to fellow passengers at a moment's notice.

(One London-bound Helsinki girl who taught the *letkis* to a number of Americans and Canadians was openly contemptuous of our attempts to be friendly with the Russians around us. She refused to bother with them. "Because of the war, your history with them?" I asked her. "Not so much that, no. Because they're the squarest people in the world. In everything they do—square, square, square. When they stop being so square, I'll be friendly.")



—Lieber.

The new ocean liner *Pushkin*—a long way from the *Potemkin*.

—Lieber—Travel Weekly.

Dining aboard the *Pushkin*—"likely to prove the ship's biggest attraction."

The 150 Soviet women who wait on tables in the dining room occasionally appear in ethnic, peasant-type costumes of Estonian and Ukrainian origin. For the most part, though, they wear uniforms of a vaguely lumpish, neo-tractor-driver style which may be altered if plans materialize to call in an Italian designer. It is entirely possible that the demand for better uniforms may come directly from the girls themselves. After all, morale considerations are a factor, and the girls are quite unable to remain impassive when they are constantly exposed to American and Canadian women dressed up in decadent jewelry, svelte cocktail dresses and chic Paris stylings.

Although the Russian waitresses have had some English instruction, they have trouble understanding what is ordered. Passengers are similarly confused about what they are going to get. Still, the surprise that a passenger receives upon being served a dish that he didn't think he ordered is usually not unpleasant.

With all its surprises, the cuisine on the *Pushkin* is likely to prove the ship's biggest attraction. On the first trip scarcely a passenger could find an adjective more restrained than "extraordinary" to describe it. Black bread, black caviar, mineral water and Georgian tea are mealtime staples. A passenger may start off the day with gruel (kasha) and omelet stuffed with crab meat, and for lunch move on to Chihurshma (Armenian cream of chicken soup), Siberian meat dumplings, beef Stroganoff or

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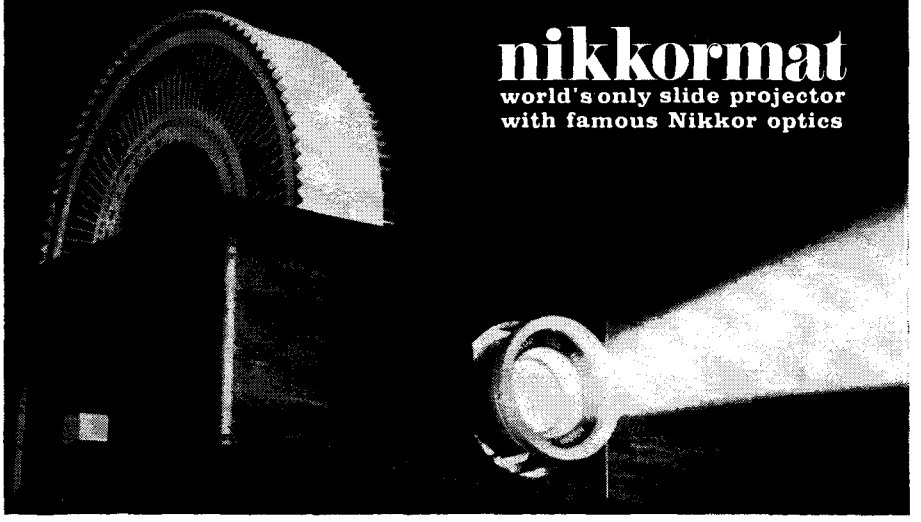

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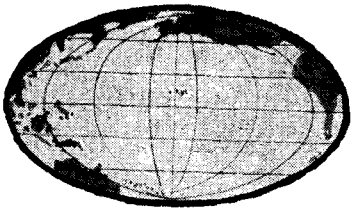

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chicken Kiev. At dinner there might be Ukrainian borscht with curd tart and either Crimean meat pie or a meat dish called Basturma à la Caucasian. Somehow the Russian caterers knew that they should lay in a supply of ketchup, but the fare hardly required it.

Each menu bears a different Pushkin poem on it, in the same commendable sentiment that gave the ship the name *Pushkin*, honoring Russia's most idolized romantic poet. (Other Soviet ships have names such as the M/s *Mussorgsky*, M/s *Tchaikovsky*, and M/s *Lermontov*.)

Morning classes in the Russian language aim at diminishing the language barrier. A blue-uniformed woman instructor teaches passengers how to say "please" and "thank you" (*pajalesta* and *spasecba*), along with the words for "good evening," "peace and friendship," and various drinking toasts. They are useful expressions, too, since any *Pushkin* passenger is bound to discover that an excellent way of achieving camaraderie with a Russian host, be he a ship's officer or fellow passenger, is to sit down over a few shot glasses filled with cognac or vodka (*woodka*).

The fact is that Russians are great toasters and pretty soon one gets the hang of it. *Meer* (peace), toasts your host. *Droujzba* (friendship), you reply. "To closer relations," he enjoins. "International cooperation," you respond clinking his glass.

"First man on the moon," he exhorts. "Bolshoi Ballet," you tell him. If he tops that with "Kirov ballet," you know your host is a Leningrader and if you quickly agree with him that the Kirov is assuredly better than the Bolshoi, then you are that much closer to achieving *true* peace and friendship.

It is unlikely that the *Pushkin* voyage will meet his Russian counterpart, the Soviet tourist. As one ship's officer explained the regulations governing individual tourist travel outside Russia: "To travel outside the Soviet border, a citizen can only take out with him thirty rubles [about $30]. When he returns to Russia he must bring the thirty rubles back with him." If at first that sounds like a *Catch-22* explanation, or if one receives it with a mystified expression the officer will only give you a pitying look as if to say that anybody but the most naïve American can understand this without further elaboration.

Generally, the ship's passenger service officers provide the chief contact with Russians. There may also be a Pravda lady or Tass man aboard, and perhaps a businessman or two. Although conversations probably won't get around to Vietnam, China, or the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial, they will, of their own inertia, come to pseudo-political subjects like the American-Soviet hope for reciprocal transportation arrangements—in the ir

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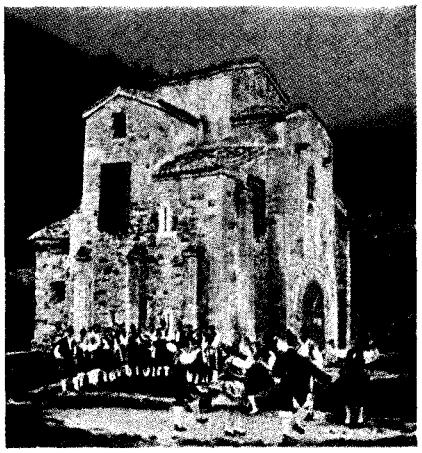

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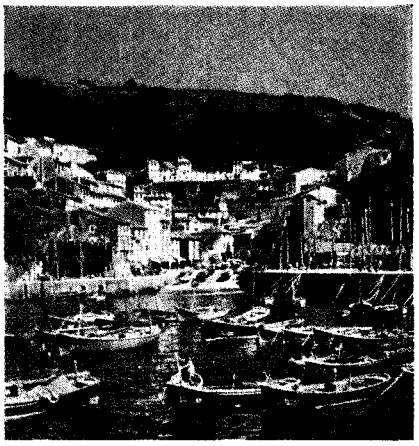

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terests of understanding, peace, friendship, and economics.

Once the Socialist outlook turns its sights on Western tourists, a whole Pandora's box of concessions must be opened. For example, passengers on the *Pushkin's* maiden voyage were nervous about the spirit in which their offer of tips to stewardesses and waitresses would be received. The ship's executive officer, Captain Edward Epshtein, discreetly addressed himself to this problem with what seemed like more than spur-of-the-moment thinking. "Our crew will not refuse this expression of appreciation, provided it is offered in a decent manner," he said.

The ship, which is topped with a hammer and sickle smokestack, was built in an East German shipyard. It is a multi-class vessel, offering Western travelers a range of accommodations from luxury first-class three-room suites down through a broad range of tourist class cabins, some double-deckered, some Pullman-type. Captain Epshtein explains the ideology behind the vessel's non-classlessness with a straight face. "We had to segregate the classes because we joined the Trans-Atlantic Steamship Conference," he says. Nonetheless, the lounges on the *Pushkin* are not segregated, and signs do not shout at the passenger who makes a wrong turn: "No Entrance, First Class Passengers Only."

AN honest desire to cater to Western standards and luxury tastes permeates the *Pushkin*. One notable instance occurred during the opening hours of the inaugural trip, when the ship was being helped through the ice-jammed Gulf of Finland by a convoy of Soviet ice-breakers. Somebody realized that a mistake had been made in the selection of furniture for the first-class lounge and dining room. The style was as chintzy as a bourgeois bedroom in Toledo in 1935. A few hours after the ship left Helsinki, the first port of call from Leningrad, passengers were astonished to discover that all those chintzy chairs and tables had been replaced by new furniture picked up in the Finnish capital—modern, tasteful, and teak.

Many equally mysterious events occur aboard the *Pushkin*. You walk past an empty lounge around eleven in the morning and hear the lilting voice of a Russian girl. She is sitting at a piano singing, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." *Deh-deh-deh-deh deh-dy*, she sings. There is simply no explanation for something like that, as there is frequently no Western explanation for Russian action or reaction. It is just this unpredictability that adds a certain zest to a crossing aboard M/s *Pushkin*. —JOEL LIEBER.

Joel Lieber, a free-lance writer, is author of *Israel on $5 a Day*. His first novel, *How the Fishes Live*, will be published this fall.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Love Makes the World Go Square

WHILE HOLLYWOOD continues its manufacture of happy, carefree tales of spies, intrigue, mayhem, and murder, elsewhere in the world movie-makers are still concerned with plumbing the mysteries of an even older subject—love. In *Le Bonheur*, Agnes Varda, a French film-maker noted for the seriousness with which she takes herself and her work, presents a new version of an old triangle, cast in impressionistic colors and edited according to a new precept of unorthodoxy, which, as far as I can determine, goes as follows: when in doubt about a dissolve, cut abruptly instead. But the color, which tends to bleed, and the abrupt cuts, which tend to annoy, are the least irritating aspects of the film she has made.

I know that some heavy critical guns —Kenneth Tynan's among them—have already boomed in support of Miss Varda's film, but I feel it my duty to be just as suspicious of intellectual hokum as I am of the commercial variety. In attempting to avoid the accepted, the familiar, and the conventional, while telling the story of a young man who loves his wife and his mistress with equal fervor, Miss Varda has made her people into puppets who obey neither their instincts nor their consciences, but instead the arbitrary intellectualized concepts of a film director. She presents a blissfully happy young carpenter, working and living with his wife and young children in a Parisian suburb. On weekends the family goes into the nearby woods and picnics, and when the children have fallen asleep, mother and dad habitually make love in the shrubbery. The husband is filled with happiness; so is the wife; so are the children. Everything is pretty and happy.

Then the husband meets a pretty girl who works in a nearby post office. He feels happy with this girl, too. They make love. He makes less love to his wife. Then one day, while picnicking in the woods with his family, he tells his wife how happy he is, how filled with love he is for this girl he has met, and for his wife, too. The simple young man obviously expects his wife to understand the nice relationship he has outlined, and, though she makes love in the grass once more with him, she drowns herself immediately thereafter.

Is the husband's happiness disturbed? Not for long, you may be sure. Soon he has married the other girl, and the family frolics again in these by now familiar woods. Behind this patently ridiculous tale lies, it seems to me, a dour idea of Miss Varda's about differences in male and female happiness. She may be quite right. But using cardboard figures of people to prove it, and substituting one kind of unreality for another, doesn't add up to either art or truth.

AN OLDER and surer hand, Vittorio De Sica, is a great deal more convincing in capturing the anguish of two young lovers in *A Young World*, although the stuff of his story is very much on the familiar side: nothing less than a pregnant girl's harrowing dilemma about whether to have her child or undergo an abortion.

This Italian-French co-production stars a most believable French girl, Christine Delaroche, and an equally attractive young Italian, Nino Castelnuovo, as the lovers who meet accidentally, and respond to a sudden surge of desire. Both have the look of intelligence, both are beset by feelings of doubt and insecurity, and both are unwilling to conform to what seem to them to be the stale patterns of their elders. It is the distinction of De Sica's direction, and Cesare Zavattini's screenplay, that make the situation alive and absorbing.

The setting is Paris, an entirely real Paris. Since Miss Delaroche is a first-year medical student, we are taken into the restricted actuality of her residency. The same authenticity accompanies the perambulatings of the young man, an apprentice photographer, who is hardly encouraged toward leading a conventional existence by the seamy samples of life he encounters.

A Young World bears a remarkable similarity to an American film of two years ago, *Love With the Proper Stranger*, but doesn't provide the same easy solution. The dilemma is still there at the end, and we're left to work out the fate of the young lovers on our own, distressing though this "solution" may be. The unresolved dilemma does, however, buttress De Sica's and Zavattini's main point as to the grave doubts possessed by young Europeans about seemingly tired bourgeois values, and also suggests that it may be a good deal more honest to retreat in the face of these doubts than to conform. Whether one approves of the courses taken by the two lovers, or not, the sympathy for them is always there, as well as a directional sensitivity that is a far remove from the arid patterns and colors of Miss Varda.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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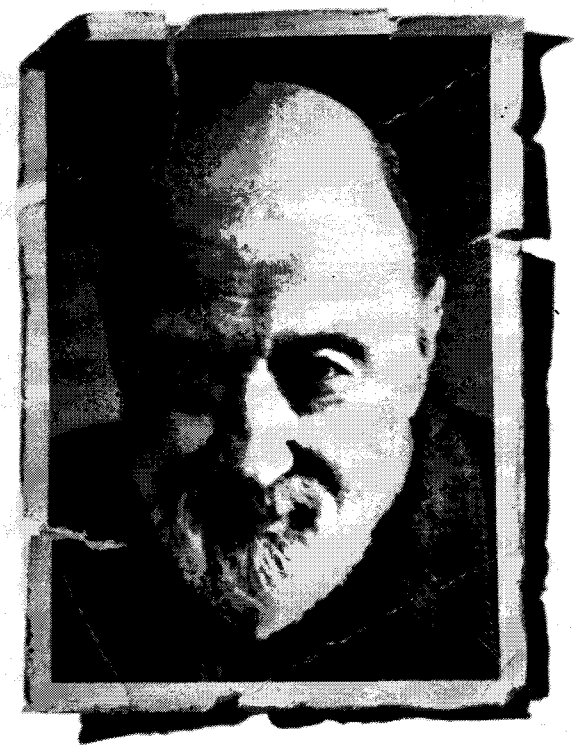

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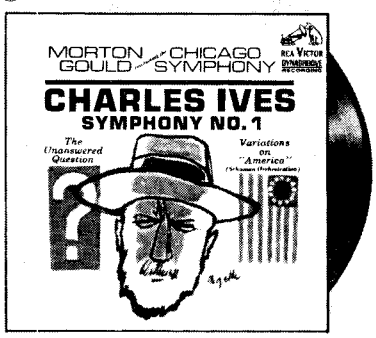

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—Bettmann Archive.

Anton von Webern about 1925

WEBERN IN PERSPECTIVE

The First International Webern Festival held at Seattle, Washington in 1962 brought to a focus a variety of thoughts on the influential Austrian composer who died in 1945 as the result of an accidental shooting by American occupation forces in Mittersill, Austria, where he was awaiting the end of the war. Much of the material developed during the festival's proceedings has been collected in a volume ("Anton von Webern: Perspectives") to be published later this spring by the University of Washington Press ($6.95). The following are excerpts from that volume.

1. A Profile of the Music

By ERNST KRENEK

ANTON VON WEBERN was born in 1883, the offspring of a family of the lower nobility—titled country squires who owned some small estate in the Austrian mountains. I still see the bewildered expression on the face of one of the keepers of tradition when he wondered aloud how a man from such a good family could write such horrid music. While this music went far beyond the limits of anything known so far, Webern's life was externally uneventful until his violent death. He studied musicology at the University of Vienna, and his intimate knowledge of the intricate rhythmic order and complicated texture of medieval and Renaissance music, of which he edited an important volume (the *Choralis Constantinus* of Heinrich Isaac), is clearly reflected in many aspects of his own work.

Webern's very early works are certainly long-winded and loquacious when compared to the concise and terse style so typical of the mature composer. The models that can be recognized are predictably Wagner, Strauss, Mahler, and, in the String Quartet—the most accomplished, interesting, and attractive of these youthful attempts—early Schoenberg, with whom Webern began to study in 1904 and remained closely associated for twenty years. Here we find for the first time indications such as *mit innigstem und ganz zartem Ausdruck . . . so zart wie möglich . . . ganz leise*—instructions so typical of Webern's later style, and in striking contrast to the brassy trifle *Siegfrieds Schwert*, written only two years earlier.

Webern earned his living in various positions as a conductor of opera, orchestra, and choir, but conducting was definitely a sideline. He was much too sensitive and introverted for a career that requires social exuberance and outgoing showmanship. His conducting was also somewhat erratic; for, while he at times could convey extraordinary revelations that became unforgettable experiences, at other times the result sounded as if his mind had been on something else—as it probably was.

As an interpreter of music, Webern was an implacable perfectionist—as were all of Schoenberg's disciples and associates in the shortlived *Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen* in Vienna around 1920. The demands Webern made upon himself and his musicians were so severe that frequently the purpose of such efforts, that is, the presentation of the music, was jeopardized and nothing was accomplished. And, just as he could, in endless rehearsals, brood over a few seemingly simple measures, he would also in his analytical lectures, which he gave off and on in small private circles, dwell for hours on minute details. It is clear that these activities did not substantially contribute to his livelihood.

When the Nazis came to power, even this source of modest income dried up, and Webern spent his life in his little house near Vienna, not exactly in poverty, but in very strained and de-

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pressing circumstances. He was a quiet, friendly man, but given to sudden, terrifying tantrums. Such outbursts of frightful anguish were undoubtedly caused by pent-up feelings of frustration and bitterness, natural in a man who knew his worth and could convince hardly anybody of it.

There were other conflicts of various kinds besetting the sensitive soul of the composer. It has frequently been questioned whether Webern was actually a religious person, as one might conclude from the fact that in his vocal works he frequently used religious texts—and nearly always words carrying metaphysical connotations—or whether such choice was of a purely literary nature, reflecting conventional concepts of seriousness and high dignity of subject matter, without committing the writer to its contents. Although it would have been difficult to draw the reserved, introverted man into a discussion of such affairs, we never doubted the genuine, profound religiosity of the composer, notwithstanding the fact that formally it was perhaps not always strictly defined. We also had at times the feeling that he suffered because of the officially antireligious stand of the Social-Democratic Party upon which he depended for his livelihood for many years; for this political party was the only agency that would recognize Webern as an artist, and entrusted him with the direction of the workers' symphony orchestra and choral organization. Loyalty and gratitude toward his enthusiastic sponsors were at variance with his doubts in regard to some of their philosophical tenets.

SUCH conflicts are reflected in the extraordinary tension that characterizes his music, especially of his middle period. The tangible results of Webern's creative work between 1917 and 1927 are six groups of, altogether, twenty-four songs, which last in their entirety twenty-two minutes and thirteen seconds. In this period of ten years Webern turned from the freely improvising style of his earlier works to the discipline of the twelve-tone technique, a move that had far-reaching consequences as it ushered in the present practice of composition described as serial music. As is well known, the twelve-tone technique imposes a great deal of discipline upon the act of composing, since the composer chooses a particular arrangement of the twelve tones of our scale in order to use it consistently throughout the course of his composition as a generator of every single detail of the musical process.

It is interesting that Webern's music, as he comes closer to this very strict organizational procedure, becomes increasingly more expressionistic. Its texture is rent by crevices like an ancient glacier in the Alps; the voice line moves in formidable skips, as if bent upon expressing pain and suffering of fantastic intensity. This, at face value, is strangely at variance with the seemingly simple character of the texts of these songs, which are basically religious – either taken from the Scriptures in the Latin version used by the Roman Church, or based on ancient German folk poetry that expresses religious sentiments in the rough-hewn idioms of bygone days.

Even more startling is the style of the second group, the *Five Canons on Latin Texts* (Opus 16). The text of the first canon is the well known *Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis* ("Christ for us became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross"). These words, which for the average Christian have a solemn, ceremonial ring, reflect in Webern's musical setting, in the hectic declamation of the voice, the formidable skips in the melodic line, the skeleton-like leanness of texture, and the acidity of the dissonant combinations, the awesome tragedy actually implied in this seemingly matter-of-fact statement. But at the same time, in spite of the ostensible fierceness of the expression, the music is disciplined in the strictest manner imaginable.

THE next step on this road leads Webern to the twelve-tone technique, which Arnold Schoenberg had developed in those years. The later groups of songs derive their substance from twelve-tone rows set up by the composer beforehand. In character these songs generally resemble those of the earlier groups. The texture, however, becomes more involved, and the rhythmic combinations very intricate, because the metric beats are subdivided differently in the several strands of the musical fabric. Groups of three tones stand frequently against groups of two and four, and the texture is further complicated through silences, isolated offbeat tones, syncopations, and the like. The sound colors are highly rarefied throughout all these cycles of songs. The conventional instruments, such as violin and clarinet, are used preferably in very high or very low registers. In the violin part much use is made of plucking, playing near the bridge, playing on mute, and other effects designed to replace the customary sound of the instrument by more remote colorations. A small clarinet is employed for very high piercing tones. The percussive metallic ring so typical of much of the most recent music is supplied by harp, guitar, and celesta.

The canon—that is, the strict imitation of a statement in one part by other parts at different pitch levels and time distances—became a favorite device in Webern's compositional workshop. Some fellow twelve-tone composers have criticized this procedure. It is argued that the twelve-tone technique is by definition canonic, since it requires constant repetition of the chosen row, however modified. Therefore, the application of strict canonic procedure would represent only a kind of duplication of the most basic principle of twelve-tone technique—a rather easy trick. Whatever the merit of this argument, it certainly does not apply to such extraordinary canonic exercises as, for instance, Webern's Symphony, Opus 21, of 1928. Although some external aspects suggest the traditional character of a symphony, the structural articulation of the work really relies on constant, very elaborate canonic imitations; these form a chain of shorter and longer models which, by virtue of their being derived from the inverted and retrograde forms of the basic tone row, can be tossed back and forth like spherical objects, and actually are used in such ways.

THE tendency that is announced in the Symphony becomes even clearer in the subsequent works, such as the Concerto (Opus 24), and above all in the Variations for Piano (Opus 27) of 1936. One might say that the composer is no longer concerned with finding ways to register most faithfully and passionately the emotions of man; rather, he withdraws more and more into the detached, cool, miraculous, and exciting world of the musical patterns, where the abstract spirit of music seems to have its own enigmatic life, sufficient unto itself. What we will notice immediately is a further thinning out of texture. In many places the musical flow is reduced to the tenuous strand of a single tone line. But on closer inspection we will notice a formidable structural discipline, such as has hardly been known in music since the late Middle Ages and Bach's *Art of the Fugue*.

The next to the last of Webern's works is also a set of Variations, in which, however, he again uses the full orchestra (Opus 30). The texture of this work is of course meatier than that of the preceding piano work, but it is again very compact, terse, and—in spite of its intricate serial construction—of extreme simplicity. In a letter of May 26, 1941, to the Austrian poetess, Hildegard Jone, many of whose precious metaphysical verses Webern set to music, he comments on the Variations:

> Imagine: There are six tones given, in a *Gestalt* [shape] determined through their order of succession and rhythm, and what comes now is nothing but time-and-again this same shape. Of course in perpetual metamorphosis. . . . This shape now becomes the theme followed by six variations. The theme itself, however, is already nothing but variations, metamorphoses of this first shape. As a unit it is the point of origin

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> for further variations. But this theme with its six variations finally produces formally a structure.... Thus, although I have called the piece "Variations," they are welded into a new unity. So many metamorphoses of the first shape produce the theme. This, as a new unit, in turn undergoes as many metamorphoses; these, welded into a new unity, make up the form of the whole.

And, to elucidate his idea further, he quotes Goethe, who says about the *Urphänomen* (the primordial phenomenon) that it is:

> ideal—as the ultimate recognizable;
> real—as the recognized;
> symbolical—because it comprises all possible cases;
> identical with all cases.

Many times Webern has referred to Goethe's philosophy of nature as it is formulated in the *Farbenlehre* and in the treatises on the *Urpflanze* (the primordial plant) and the *os intermaxillare* (the intermediate jawbone). Goethe's viewpoint, indeed, expresses the core of Webern's artistic philosophy: the idea of total integration, unity in multiplicity.

A more technical explanation of the compositional procedure applied in the Variations is stated by Webern in a letter to Willi Reich, in Switzerland:

> Everything in this piece is derived from the two ideas stated in the first two measures by the double bass and oboe. The second form of the idea is in retrograde: the second two tones are the retrograde movement of the first two, but are doubled in rhythmic length. Then the trombone states the first form of the double bass, but in half notes. That is how I construct my row, with these three groups of four tones each, in the bass, oboe, trombone.
>
> The motivic development uses much more retrograde motion with augmentation and diminution.... By changing the center of gravitation within the two row-forms by augmentation and diminution, the character and meter of the piece is constantly changing.... The entire development of the piece is already present in the row of the first few bars: Preformed.

The Variations for Orchestra, Opus 30, were written in 1940 and were performed for the first time in 1943 at Winterthur, Switzerland. Webern went there to hear them, and this was the last time he heard any of his music played in public. His isolation had become more severe than ever. For a time he had nourished some vague, utterly fantastic, and unrealistic hopes that the Nazi regime in Austria might mean a change of attitude toward his music. Such hopes, induced perhaps by a certain bitterness toward the hostile indifference of his countrymen toward his music thus far, quickly vanished into nothingness. The previous rulers had not cared whether his music was played or not—although they preferred that it not be played. The new rulers diligently saw to it that it was *never* played. When increasing air raids made life in Vienna more precarious, Webern withdrew to the village of Mittersill, tucked away in the heart of the Austrian Alps, where relatives of his owned a house. At the end of the war, while Mittersill and the whole Salzburg region were occupied by the American army, Webern was working supposedly on a concerto (actually a third cantata), unconscious of the fact that he had become the prophet of a new movement in musical composition that, within a few years, would engulf the younger generation everywhere. Five months after the termination of hostilities, Anton von Webern was shot to death by a U.S. soldier. [*The accident occurred during a blackout*–Ed.]

The term "preformed," which Webern uses in his comments on the orchestral Variations, is the most important clue to his influence on further developments in musical composition and theory. Thus far, in the twelve-tone technique, it had been only the order of pitches that was prearranged, namely, in accordance with the serial pattern of the tone row. But in Webern's late works one may observe a gradual extension of the principle of premeditated serial arrangements into other aspects of the music. There are rhythmic patterns that reappear in the course of the musical process, not repeated merely to promote the identification of motives or themes, but reiterated according to a more abstract organizational plan, in order to create local structures of intricate symmetry in coordination with the tone patterns.

The rapid short movement of the Piano Variations is a very advanced example of these new ideas. Here every pitch is, so to speak, frozen in its octave register and does not occur in any other. The rhythmic values are equally closely identified with certain configurations of tones, and even in the distribution of the dynamic levels a similar plan may be detected.

Complete serial organization of the all-important dimension of time has become the preoccupation of those composers, young or older, who have chosen Webern's work as a point of departure for their own efforts.

—*University of Washington Press.*

Terra-cotta bust of Webern by Josef Humplik

2. *Early Days in Vienna*

By EGON WELLESZ

OF THOSE who belonged to the first group of pupils of Arnold Schoenberg when he began teaching in Vienna, I am now the only one left. Moreover, I had links outside this circle with Anton von Webern since we both studied at the University of Vienna and went to the Musikhistorisches Institut of Professor Guido Adler. Here it was, in October 1904, that we used to meet and play together on the piano the Third Symphony of Mahler, which was to be performed that season. We went together to all the rehearsals which Mahler conducted of that symphony and, in later years, to those of the Fifth Symphony and the Sixth Symphony. In Professor Adler's seminar we played Beethoven's last quartets on the piano and analyzed them.

Working together, attending the same concerts and the same operas, and, above all, studying with Schoenberg—all this created a bond that was to survive the years at the university and the different courses our lives were to take. From then onward a comradeship developed that continued until I left Vienna in 1938. Then came the war, and for Webern the destruction of all that he had cherished.

The death of an artist, of a poet, a composer, sometimes produces a miracle: he suddenly appears *au dessus de la mêlée*. How great a change we witness in the case of Anton Webern! Fifty years ago every performance of one of his works raised to the boiling point the fury of his opponents and of the music critics. The few fanatical adherents, on the other hand, broke out into boisterous cheers, but they were unable to stem the hostile tide. However, in the days before World War I—here I speak from my own experience—and even in postwar days, while Schoenberg's *Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen* existed, Webern never showed signs of being depressed or unhappy at the lack of recognition. We were all used to being ignored by the official circles in Vienna,

(*Continued on page* 60)

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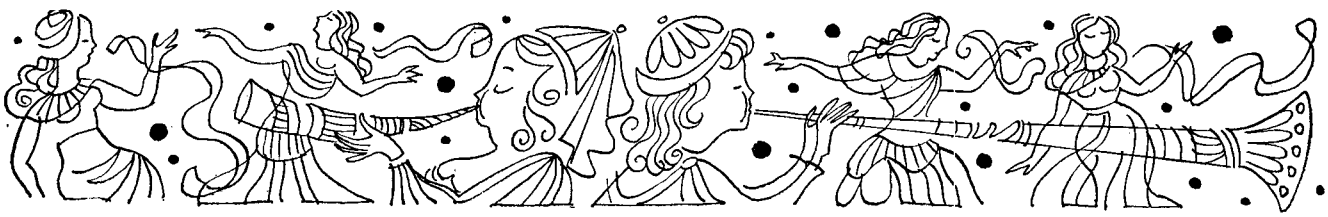
Music Festivals U.S.A.: Summer 1966

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
EAST & SOUTH				
New York				
New York City	May 25-June 25	"Promenades"	Concerts by New York Philharmonic; Soloists include Ogden Nash, Morton Gould, Theodor Uppman, Grant Johannesen, Moura Lympany, others	Evenings at 8:30 Tuesday through Saturday
	May 30-September 5	Naumburg Symphony	Free concerts by Naumburg Symphony Orchestra in Central Park Mall	Evenings at 8:30 May 30, July 4, July 31, September 5
	June 21-August 9	"Evenings by the River"	Series of free concerts at East River Park Amphitheater	Tuesday evenings at 8:30
	June 22-August 14	Guggenheim Memorial Concerts	Free concerts by the Goldman Band in Central Park, Prospect Park, and East River Park	Evenings at 8:30 on Sundays, Wednesdays, Fridays in Central Park; Saturdays in Prospect Park; Thursdays in East River Park
	June 23-August 25	Museum of Modern Art "Jazz in the Garden"	Series of jazz concerts by various groups, including the Coleman Hawkins Quartet, Jimmy Giuffre Quartet, many others	Thursday evenings at 8:30
	June 23-September 15	Manhattan Opera Company	Operas in English in Central Park Mall	Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30
	June 28-August 13	Metropolitan Opera Summer Concerts at Lewisohn Stadium	OPERAS (concert version): *Don Giovanni, La Bohème, Samson et Dalila, Carmen, Aida, Lucia di Lammermoor, Madama Butterfly;* CONCERTS: opera (Albanese, Merrill, Price, Tebaldi), recitals (Borge-Hambro, Van Cliburn, Benny Goodman), pop, jazz, operetta, Newport Festival, ballet, choral concert	Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
	June 30-July 23	Stravinsky Festival Philharmonic Hall	Concerts by New York Philharmonic; Soloists include Simoneau, Schwarzkopf, Haefliger, Yvette Mimieux, Jason Robards, Marianne Moore	Evenings at 8:30
	July 5-August 9	Latin-American Concerts	Free concerts by outstanding Latin-American orchestras at Harlem Meer in Central Park	Tuesday evenings at 8:30
	July 8-August 27	Forest Hills Music Festival	Concerts by Sammy Davis, Jr., Andy Williams, the Supremes, Ray Charles, many others	Saturday evenings at 8:30 (also Friday evening at Sammy Davis, Jr., concert, July 8)
	July 13-August 6	Municipal Orchestra Concert Series	Free concerts in Central Park Mall	Saturdays at 8:30
	July 25-August 20	New York Philharmonic Orchestra	Free concerts in parks in five boroughs	Details to be announced
	August 1-August 27	Midsummer Serenades; A Mozart Festival Philharmonic Hall	Orchestral concerts, chamber music, recitals. New York Chamber Orchestra, Guarneri Quartet, Kroll Quartet. Soloists include Badura-Skoda, Goldberg, Barenboim, Stader, Schneider, others	Mondays through Saturdays at 8:30. Two midnight concerts August 6 and 20
	August 1-September 5	Washington Square Concerts	Chamber music performances in Washington Square Park	Monday evenings at 8:30
Katonah	June 18-July 10	Caramoor Festival	OPERA: American première of Britten's *Curlew River; Bastien and Bastienne* (Mozart); *Escorial* (Levy). *Requiem for Bellini* (Donizetti). Concerts, chamber music. Pro Musica, Szymon Goldberg	Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 5 p.m.



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Music Festivals U.S.A.

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Southampton	June 28 August 30	Southampton College Music Festival	Concerts by Kohon Quartet and Delia Calapai	Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
Chautauqua	June 30- August 28	Annual Summer Festival: Opera, Symphony Concerts, Chamber music, Special events	OPERA: *Barber of Seville, Tosca, Suor Angelica* and *Spanish Hour, Rigoletto, Albert Herring, Abduction from the Seraglio.* Also, *My Fair Lady*	Evenings at 8:30. Opera: Fridays. Symphony: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays. Chamber music: Mondays
Woodstock	July 3- September 4	Chamber music concerts at Maverick Hall	Turnau Opera at Byrdcliffe Theater	Chamber music: Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 3 p.m. Opera: Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
Saratoga Springs	July 8- August 24	Saratoga Performing Arts Center Festival	New summer home of Philadelphia Orchestra and New York City Ballet. OPERA: (concert version) *Rosenkavalier, Fledermaus.* Casts include Caballé, Gueden, Peters, Ludwig, Berry, Guarrera, Morell, Uppman. CONCERTS: Philadelphia Orchestra and soloists, including Stern, Van Cliburn, Gold and Fizdale, Firkusny, Marian Anderson, Leontyne Price, others CHAMBER MUSIC; Ballet-New York City Ballet	Concerts: Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 8:30 p.m., Sundays at 3 p.m. Chamber music: Mondays at 8:30 p.m. in August. Ballet: daily at 8:30 p.m. in July
	July 29- July 31	Festival of Baroque Music	Performances at Skidmore College	
Glens Falls	July 23- August 28	Lake George Opera Festival	*Barber of Seville, Butterfly, Crucible* (Ward), *Fledermaus, Taming of the Shrew*	At 8:30 p.m. various days except Sundays
Connecticut				
New Haven	June 28- August 2	Starlight Festival Chamber Music	Concerts at Yale Law School	Tuesdays at 8:30 p.m.
Norfolk	July 1- August 19	Summer Concerts at Music Shed	Orchestral and chamber concerts, one choral concert	Friday evenings at 8:30
Hartford	July 6- July 27	Hartford Festival of Music	Concerts by chamber orchestra and chorus at University of Hartford	At 8:30 p.m. Wednesdays
Massachusetts				
Lenox	July 2- August 21	Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood	OPERA: *Magic Flute* (concert performance), with Caballé, Sills, Elgar, Shirley, Reardon, Flagello CONCERTS: Boston Symphony. Soloists include Goldberg, Haefliger, Kallir, Van Cliburn, Eskin, Johannesen, Daré, Bolet, many others. Winners of Moscow Tchaikovsky Competition invited	At 9 p.m. Fridays, at 8 p.m. Saturdays, at 2:30 p.m. Sunday afternoons
Rhode Island				
Newport	July 12- July 16	Newport Opera Festival	Performances (concert version) of *La Bohème, Carmen, Lucia di Lammermoor, Aida* by the Metropolitan Opera on open-air stage	
	July 21- July 24	Folk Festival	Theodore Bikel, Oscar Brand, Brownie McGee and Sonny Terry, Judy Collins, Jack Elliott, Flatt and Scruggs, Phil Ochs, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Jean Ritchie, many others	
Vermont				
Marlboro	July 1- August 14	Marlboro Music Festival	Informal concerts and master classes at Marlboro School of Music, with Pablo Casals conducting the Festival Orchestra	

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Music Festivals U.S.A.

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Bennington		Composers Conference	Chamber music concerts	
New Hampshire				
Hanover	June 26-August 20	Hopkins Center Concerts	Concerts and lectures at Dartmouth College under Blacher, Lutoslawski, Mennin	Wednesdays and Sundays
Maine				
Brunswick	August 8-August 13	Contemporary Music Festival	Aeolian Chamber Players at Bowdoin College. World premieres of works by Crumb, Davidovsky, Layton	Events evenings at 8:15
Pennsylvania				
Philadelphia	June 20-July 28	Robin Hood Dell Concerts	Orchestral concerts, chamber music, recitals. Soloists include Arrau, Morini, Stern, Szeryng, Gold and Fizdale, Van Cliburn, Barenboim, Peerce, Peters, Merrill, others	Monday, Tuesday, Thursday evenings
Milford	July	Sagamore Summer Festival	OPERA: *Fledermaus, Butterfly, Barber, Don Pasquale, La Traviata*	
North Carolina				
Brevard	July 6-August 21	Brevard Music Festival	Concerts, recitals, chamber music, opera: *La Bohème, Traviata, Don Pasquale.* Also *My Fair Lady, Fantasticks.* Soloists include Elman, Iturbi, Darré, Peerce, others	Fridays, Saturdays at 8:15 p.m. Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Florida				
Daytona Beach	July 28-August 21	Florida International Music Festival	Concerts by London Symphony Orchestra and soloists, including Starker, Laredo, Gervase de Peyer, others	Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays at 8:30 p.m.
MIDWEST				
Illinois				
Chicago	June 28-September 18	Ravinia Festival	Concerts featuring Chicago Symphony Orchestra and soloists, incl. Szeryng, Janis, Cliburn, George London, Roberta Peters	8:30 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 4 p.m. on Sundays
Indiana				
Bloomington	July 27-August 10	Indiana University Opera Theater	World premiere of *Hoosier Tale* (Walter Kaufmann)	
Michigan				
Interlochen	June 26-August 22	National Music Camp	Concerts, ballet. World premiere of *Songs of Walt Whitman* (Dello Joio). Van Cliburn, others.	Evenings Saturday, Afternoons and evenings Sunday
Missouri				
St. Louis	June September	Municipal Opera		Daily at 8:15 p.m.
	August 5-August 27	August Opera Festival	Performances in English at Washington University of *La Bohème, Aida, Lucia di Lammermoor, Carmen*	Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15 p.m.
Ohio				
Cincinnati	June 22-July 24	Summer Opera Festival	*Faust, Don Pasquale, Cinderella* (Rossini), *Così, Butterfly, Cavalleria & Pagliacci, Traviata.* Performances at Zoological Gardens	
Wisconsin				
Milwaukee	June 20-July 30	Summer Arts Festival	Varied programs at University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee	Concerts on Mondays and Thursdays at 8:15 p.m.

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Music Festivals U.S.A.

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
SOUTHWEST				
New Mexico				
Santa Fe	July 2-August 29	Santa Fé Opera	*Tosca, Cinderella, Don Giovanni, Dialogues of the Carmelites, Rake's Progress, Capriccio, Rigoletto, Wozzeck*	
Texas				
Houston	June 5-August 7	Houston Summer Symphony at Hermann Park	Concerts, recitals	Sundays and Thursdays at 8:15 p.m.
FAR WEST				
California				
Los Angeles	July-August	Hollywood Bowl Concerts		
Saratoga	May 14-July 30	Montalvo Summer Music Festival	OPERA: *The Silken Ladder* (Rossini); Chamber music; Recitals	Four Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
	June 25-August 28	Music at Paul Masson Vineyards	OPERA: *Il Trionfo dell' Onore* (Scarlatti), in English. Chamber music; Recitals	Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Stanford	June 22-August 13	Stanford Summer Festival of the Arts, "20th Century Innovations"	American debut of Suisse Romande Orchestra under Ansermet, Lenox Quartet, Soloists: Johannesen, Gelber, Beardslee, Bruning; Drama; Films	Concerts by Suisse Romande at 7:30 p.m., various recitals at 8 p.m. and 5:30 p.m.
Redlands	June 28-August 26	Redlands Bowl Music Festival	*Faust, Iolanthe;* Concerts; Recitals; Ballet	Tuesdays and Fridays at 8:15 p.m.
Santa Barbara	July 4-August 27	Music Academy of the West	OPERA: Così; Concerts, master classes. Mildred Miller, José Iturbi	
Aptos	August 19-August 28	Cabrillo Music Festival	OPERA: *Clemenza di Tito* (Mozart) in concert, *Rapunzel* (Harrison) fully staged; concerts; recitals	Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays at 8:30 p.m. Also at 3 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays
Monterey	September 16-September 18	Monterey Jazz Festival	Performances on County Fairgrounds of large variety of groups and soloists	Friday, Saturday, Sunday evenings, afternoons at 1:30 p.m. Saturday and Sunday
Colorado				
Central City	June 25-July 30	Opera Festival	*Carmen, Ballad of Baby Doe, Italian Girl in Algiers*	
Aspen	June 27-August 28	Aspen Music Festival	OPERA: *Barber of Seville, Robin and Marion* (Milhaud), *Mariage aux Lanternes* (Offenbach); concerts; master classes; soloists include Carlos Montoya, Fernando Valenti	Concerts at 4 p.m. Wed., Sat., Sun., operas and guest artists at 8:30 p.m.
CANADA				
Vancouver	July 1-July 31	Vancouver Festival	Concerts, recitals, opera, operetta, ballet (Bolshoi)	
Stratford	June 6-October 8	Musical events at Stratford	Concerts, chamber music, recitals, ballet. Iturbi, Fleischer, Rose, others	Saturdays at 11 a.m., Sundays at 2 p.m.
MEXICO				
Puebla	May 4-June 10	Festival de Puebla	OPERA: Metropolitan National Company in *Susannah;* Concerts: Philadelphia Orchestra, Ensemble Baroque de Paris; Soloists include Zabaleta, Arrau. Also: Mendelssohn's *Elijah.*	May 26, 28; June 4, 5, 8, 10.

—HEDY D. JELLINEK.

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Recordings in Review

A New Voice for Poulenc

POULENC: *"Le bestiaire"; "Les banalités"; "Le pont"; "Montparnasse"; "Reine des mouettes"; "C'est ainsi que tu es"; "Main dominée par la coeur"; "C"; "Tel jour, telle nuit"; and "La fraîcheur et le feu." Bernard Kruysen, baritone, with Jean Charles Richard, piano.* Westminster WXN 19105, $4.79; stereo WST 17105, $5.79.

All sorts of recollections are aroused by this disc: primarily, but by no means exclusively, the memory of Pierre Bernac performing certain outstanding songs with the composer at the piano. But there are other values to be recalled as well: performances by Gerard Souzay, by Jennie Tourel, by Povla Frijsh. That Kruysen's effort may be matched by the high standard of any, or all, of them is proof that he is, indeed, a new voice for Poulenc.

On investigation, the expectable becomes the inevitable: He has found his example at the source, as a student of Pierre Bernac. Though of Dutch birth, Kruysen spent much of his early life in France, which provided him with his fluent, idiomatic command of the texts. However, there is little explanation of the quality of the voice in the references to his operatic experience in Holland. It is, for all its flexibility and responsiveness, a more robust sound than commonly associated with the *diseur*. And though the top is light enough to suggest an aptitude for *Pelléas,* it also possesses the bottom to dip into the low register required for *Tel jour, telle nuit.*

Beyond all questions of range and register, quantity and quality of sound, the clear fact is that Kruysen is that real rarity, an interpretative personality. He responds to each nuance of meaning with a comparable personal flair, and sustains the interest no less by his sense of verbal values than by his highly refined feeling for tonal coloration. Richard, who is also a new name to me, plays all of the piano parts very well, and some of them better than any predecessor, including the composer himself. As the two sides contain some of the greatest songs written in this century—as well as the best qualities of Poulenc in microcosm—they are destined to be close to the top when the best records of 1966 are designated. The reproduction (which appears to derive from a small, live concert hall or large studio) shares the distinction of all the other elements.

Eva Gauthier: "A gift for attracting attention."

The Art of Gauthier

FEVRIER: *"La lettre."* DESSAUER: *"Le retour des promis."* HEROLD: *"Souvenir du jeune âge," from Le pré au clercs.* DEBUSSY: *"Romance"; "Fantoches"; "La chevelure."* DUPARC: *"Chanson triste."* FALLA: *"Seguidilla."* BARTOK: *"Mein Bett ruft."* WATTS: *"The Wings of Night."* NIN: *"Alma sintamos."* TURINA: *"Rima." Eva Gauthier, soprano. "La Chevelure" and songs from "Seguidilla" on, with Celius Dougherty, piano.* Mono only TH 003, $4.95.

For those to whom she has a place in history, Eva Gauthier is recalled as the daring young woman who, on November 1, 1923, ventured to include on the program of a recital in New York's bygone Aeolian Hall a group of songs by Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, and Walter Donaldson. She also persuaded the composer of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," "Innocent Ingénue Baby," and "Swanee" to accompany her in these and the preceding sequence of "Alexanders Ragtime Band," "The Siren's Song," and "Carolina in the Morning." That it provided the first appearance on this or any other concert stage of George Gershwin, and promoted the circumstances in which he returned to Aeolian Hall not much more than six months later to perform his *Rhapsody in Blue* for the first time, is considered by some the most important part of this happening. This may or may not be the case, but it related the two names inseparably.

However as this disc—and particularly the first side of it—demonstrates, the Ottawa-born Gauthier was considerably more than a woman with a gift for attracting attention. She was a singer of the same type and some of the same accomplishments as Mary Garden and Maggie Teyte. She never came close to equaling them in artistic magnitude, but she commanded a vocal quality of lovely hue, a style that built on her French-Canadian heritage through studies in Paris, and a real capacity for grasping the essence of a song in the brief time that art form allows. Her *Chanson triste,* for example, is probably as good a performance of it as had been recorded in the acoustic period it represents. (The first six songs listed above, with the exception of Debussy's *La chevelure* are all acoustic.)

What happened to the Gauthier voice in the next dozen years is unknown to me, but those who heard her in an occasional performance of the Thirties would associate the results more with the qualities of Side Two (Falla, Bartók, Watts, Nin, and Turina, of the above sequence plus *La chevelure*). That is the strained, harsh, sometimes off-pitch and worn kind of effort that could be praised for intention but rarely for accomplishment.

Allowing for the insufficiencies of the "Musicraft" recording techniques (they sounded almost as bad when new as they do nearly thirty years later) the voice still lags below the piano playing of Celius Dougherty.

I would, indeed, petition Town Hall to honor the real abilities of Miss Gauthier in her best days by making up another disc of the French-Canadian songs she recorded for Victor around 1917, and to which Philip Miller refers in his commentary. Combined with some Columbia sides (Miller also mentions Franck's *Panis angelicus* and "Les larmes" from Massenet's *Werther*) they might very well add to the image of the Gauthier career conveyed most vividly on this disc by material from the same early period of her activity. (Readers outside New York may address Town Hall, publisher of this disc, at 123 West 43rd Street, New York, 36.)

Rudolf's Mozart

MOZART: Serenade No. 9 (K. 320). Symphony No. 28. *Max Rudolf conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.* Decca DL 10120, $4.79; stereo DL 710120, $5.79.

Opportunities affect individuals no less differently than the lack of them. That is, there are those who sustain their level of effort whether or not they are in prominent situations, as there are those who fail to make the most of a prominent

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situation when it presents itself. With Max Rudolf, the transition from occasional appearances in the pit of the Metropolitan Opera to the bright light of the Music Hall in Cincinnati has been accompanied by an artistic growth as beneficial to that city's orchestra as to his own reputation.

The best recorded evidence to date is offered in this crisp, lovingly shaped and withal spirited performance of the *Posthorn Serenade*. It has not lacked for previous recordings, but none that comes to mind has equaled this one either for the quality of execution it embodies or the artful application of it to the advantage of the composer. This applies equally to the concertante (third of the seven movements) and to the minuet, in which the archaic instrument from which the work takes its name appears. Doubtless there could be some learned words here on the *galant* style and how it is embodied in this work of Mozart's twenty-third year, but the essential fact is that Rudolf not only comprehends all the musical values the work contains but commands the means to make them audible.

The accompanying symphony is rather less special an example of Mozart's ability to spin an enchanting web of sound (he wrote great music at seventeen, but not in this particular instance). It does, however, benefit from an application of effort no less concentrated. This underscores the qualities of ensemble playing and personal participation in the results that Rudolf has instilled in this orchestra since assuming its command in 1958. It may still be only the second-best orchestra in Ohio, but this gives it a rank much nearer the top, nationally, than for many years past.

Decoration from the album of *Misa Criolla* by A. Kleinhof.

"Misa" from Argentina

RAMIREZ: *Misa Criolla.* RAMIREZ-LUNA: *Navidad Nuestra. Los Fronterizos, the Choir of the Basilica del Socorro and regional orchestra directed from the harpsichord by Ariel Ramirez.* Philips PCC-219, $4.98; stereo PCC-619, $5.98.

OF ALL the efforts in recent years to express churchly sentiments in terms derived from secular sources—a mode of expression that has a long and honorable tradition from Bach to Janáček and Poulenc—this seems to me by far the most imaginative. That might well relate to the particular secular sources utilized, the lack of immediate other implications in the Argentinian dance rhythms as there have been in the jazz-oriented masses. But there are other important factors, not least the musicianship and sensitivity of Ramirez.

A native of Santa Fé (in Argentina), Ramirez blends a warm feeling for the dance rhythms of the whole area with a cultivated sense of color and contrast. He has not hesitated to bring together, as solo vocalists with the choir of the Basilica, the quartet called Los Fronterizos, whose Gerardo López has the kind of tenor voice that compels attention whether raised in praise or supplication. And if the Spanish text suits the sound of the voices that sing it, such phrases as "Gloria a Dios" and "Tu que quitas los pecados del mundo" are sufficiently similar to the familiar Latin to convey the same kind of universality.

As the medium of his sentiments, Ramirez has employed such dance-derived elements as the "Carnavalito" (for the *Gloria*), the "Chacarrera trunca" (for the *Credo*), the "Carnival of Cochabamba" (for the *Sanctus*) and the "pampa" style (for the *Agnus Dei*). And to bind the close-harmony style of Los Fronterizos with the mostly unison-chanting of the choir, he has put together a fascinating combination of instrumental colors. These range from large drums, gongs, clacking sticks, and subtly stroked guitars to his own *continuo* on the harpsichord. The latter may strike some as an intrusive touch of sophistication, but its plucked sonorities are, after all, an extension of the guitar sound and, as used by Ramirez, not the least bit intrusive.

Indeed, it is just the ability of Ramirez to employ his musical sophistication without corrupting the satisfying sense of spontaneity in his *Misa Criolla* that makes it the sometimes infectious, sometimes sobering, thing it is. There are suggestions here and there that Ramirez is not unaware of Bach's *Chromatic Fantasy*, Orff's *Carmina Burana* and perhaps Poulenc's *Gloria*, but he applies his knowledge to the advantage of the folk spirit he is trying to evoke rather than to its dissipation. The one section that strikes me as failing of its objective is the *Agnus Dei*, which may be a natural consequence of the success of the preceding *Sanctus*, which praises God in terms so infectious that it might cause an infidel to join in.

The emotions of the Nativity have been embodied in so many different musical moods from Corelli's *Christmas Concerto* to Menotti's *Amahl* that still another would seem to have drawn on some predecessor or other. However, in setting the poetic text of Felix Luna, Ramirez has evoked a mood and manner all his own. Here the dance rhythms are more subtle, less dynamic than in the *Misa Criolla*, but more consistently applicable to "The Annunciation," "The Pilgrimage," "The Nativity," "The Shepherds," "The Magi," and "The Flight." As a sample of Luna's imagery, one may cite his likeness of the Child as a "Bud that becomes a flower and that will blossom at Christmas."

Generally speaking, the musical elements employed by Ramirez for the *Navidad Nuestra* ("*Our Nativity*") are similar to those of the *Misa Criolla*. However, there are appropriately lighter touches, such as the accordion which punctuates the "chamame" for "The Annunciation." The other dance rhythms run a gamut from the "huella pampeana" ("The Pilgrimage") to the "*vidala tucumana*" ("The Flight"). It would be an engaging enterprise for some merchant interested in promoting North and South American relationships to videotape the native tableaux that accompany the musical score of the *Navidad Nuestra* for showing on TV here at the appropriate season. (In color, of course.)

In any case, Philips has extended the reputation for venturing from the well-worn path (won with its releases of folk material from Africa) with this sponsorship of Ramirez. The reproduction of both works is exemplary.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Coming June 11
***SR*'s Review of University Presses**

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Henryk Szeryng, violin, with the Orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire conducted by Jacques Thibaud. Monitor MC 2093, $4.79; stereo MCS 2093, $4.79.	The first puzzle in this issue is to determine how Jacques Thibaud, who died in an air crash in 1953, could have participated in a stereo recording when that technique first began to be utilized only several years later. The answer to this one comes on the reverse of the sleeve, on which it is noted, in smallish print, that the reproduction is "electronically enhanced." (In fairness to the consumer, this should be clearly marked on the front as well.) The second puzzle is how so generally superior a performance of Beethoven, especially with Thibaud in one of his rare recorded efforts as a conductor, has so long eluded general distribution in this country. The first movement, in particular, shows that the Szeryng of 1952 or so was very much the fine artist of today (in an earlier condition). He plays the Larghetto and Finale, now, with more probing artistry than he did then, but the order of violinistic mastery is very much the same. Thibaud lavishes his deep knowledge of the work on a superior statement of the orchestral part, and the Odeon recording techniques stand up very well. (Joachim cadenzas throughout).
Berlioz: Overtures—*Carnaval Romain, Béatrice et Bénédict, Corsaire* and *Benvenuto Cellini;* "Danse des Sylphes," "Menuet de Follets" and "March Hongroise" from *Le Damnation de Faust.* Ernst Ansermet conducting the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande. London CM 9439, $4.79; stereo CS 6439, $5.79.	Ansermet possesses in abundance the knowledge and skill to make his fine orchestra an acute mirror to reflect Berlioz's musical intentions. In the *Béatrice et Bénédict* and *Corsaire* the images thus revealed are a little deficient in sharpness, due no doubt to his own preferences in highlighting and shading. He does, however, make a finely animated thing of the *Roman Carnival,* and there is no lack of character, dramatic as well as musical, in the depiction of *Benvenuto Cellini.* The three excerpts from *Le Damnation* are also beautifully produced.
Brahms: Hungarian Dances (16). Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50437, $4.98; stereo SR 90437, $5.98.	Dorati's background includes not only the general qualifications for a rousing performance of these combustible works, but also the special ones for an inflammatory result. That is, his Hungarian birth and extensive experience as a ballet conductor give him access to the essential spirit of the music and the rhythmic pulse to articulate them. Now and then there is an impression that the conductor is accelerating and de-accelerating to see how the orchestra will respond, but very much of it is as sound as it is stimulating. It is not only the best of the extensive collections of the dances now available, but also one of the best ever. Excellent reproduction.
Debussy: *La mer*; *Khamma* (orchestrated by Charles Koechlin); Rhapsody. Ernst Ansermet conducting the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande, with Robert Gugholz, clarinet. London CM 9437, $4.79; stereo CS 6437, $5.79.	For the indoctrinated Debussyist, the interest of this disc is not so much in another *La mer,* beautiful as it is, but in the two other works. Of these, *Khamma* commands the greater attention, for it is more than a rarity. It is, to my knowledge, a unique presentation of a work undertaken in 1911 by commission of a contemporary dancer. Debussy got so far as completing a piano score but apparently lost interest and turned the orchestration over to Koechlin. Its interest today is not as an example of second-class Debussy—the Rhapsody fulfils that role—but as an instance of musical thinking remote from the composer's thought patterns. The result is oddly absorbing if not altogether rewarding. Considering how many ballets have been created in the half century that has elapsed, it is surprising that it hasn't had its turn. Gugholz's playing of the solo part in the Rhapsody is highly adept with the coloristic values it requires, but the results are rather more predictable musically than is consistent with originality. This is at least Ansermet's third *La mer* for London (one prior stereo and a mono are still available) and one of the best by anybody. The tonal values in the reproduction are outstanding, especially the contrast of the full orchestra fortissimi with the understated passages that precede.
Gershwin: *Rhapsody in Blue*; *An American in Paris.* Stanley Black and the London Festival Orchestra. Stereo only SPC 21009, $5.79.	Unlike a predecessor version on this label, Black has not recast the Rhapsody in his own image, or attempted to alter the values Gershwin imparted to it. Indeed, his effort is one of the most conscientious and idiomatic in years. This, it sounds to me, is a product of attention to such authentic sources as the versions of the composer and Oscar Levant, plus some insights of his own. Taken together with an able ensemble of instrumentalists and the spacious sound of "Phase IV" reproduction, he produces a Rhapsody of outstanding qualities. In some respects—performance and reproduction, especially—Black's *American in Paris* is of similar quality. However, the standard of execution by such conductors as Bernstein and Rodzinski, is higher in this work. Also, Black doesn't get as much from an orchestra as a conductor as he does as a conductor-pianist.
Mendelssohn: Concerto in E minor. Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Erick Friedman, violin, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Seiji Ozawa. RCA Victor LM 2865, $4.79; stereo LSC 2865, $5.79.	There is much to admire but not so much to enjoy in these performances by two of the most accomplished musicians of the younger generation. Certainly a violinist who commands the technical demands of an instrument to the extent Friedman does should also command the listener's attention to a greater extent than he does in either of these works. He has, of course, shaped himself in the mold of his mentor, Jascha Heifetz, a difficult enough model to emulate let alone honor to the extent that Friedman does. But it is, at bottom, a performance strangely lacking in personality. As Ozawa's orchestral direction is much in the same vein of impassive competence, the outcome is at least compatible.
Vivaldi: Concertos in D minor and A minor. Renzo Sabatini, viola d'amore, with orchestra conducted by Anthony Bernard. Everest 6142, $4.98; stereo 3142, $4.98.	For those to whom the name of Sabatini has a ring of familiarity it may be noted that he was long associated with Rafael Fasano and the Virtuosi di Roma. He has, however, established an independent career on his own as a specialist of the viola d'amore, an instrument he plays not only with admirable fluency but also with an in-built affection for its literature. As the sleeve of this issue does not identify the keys of the works performed, it is useless to look for other, more subtle identification. The A minor impresses me as a new version of a work Sabatini recorded previously with Bernard (London LS 256), as the D minor is one that he performed with Fasano's ensemble (Decca DL 9575). That, however, must remain speculative for there is no identifying catalogue number (Foà or Pincherle). Both are in the upper bracket of Vivaldi's production, beautifully performed and superbly reproduced. —Irving Kolodin.

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Lucia and the LP

DONIZETTI's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, a perennial favorite in the opera house, seems just as popular on records. In fact, if my bookkeeping is correct, the new version just issued by RCA Victor (LM-6170, $14.37; stereo LSC-6170, $17.37), featuring Anna Moffo, Carlo Bergonzi and conductor Georges Prêtre, is the tenth complete recording of the opera, the sixth in stereo (if one counts the rechanneled Urania set), and the first every-note-of-the-score version.

As long as there have been records, *Lucia* has been represented: Melba's Mad Scene, Martinelli's Tomb Scene, Stracciari's "Cruda funesta smania," and the famous (and for their day expensive) 78s of the Sextet by Caruso, first with Sembrich, then later with Tetrazzini and Galli-Curci, etc. With the advent of electrical recording in the 1920s came the first complete *Lucia*. Covering twenty-six sides, it featured Mercedes Capsir in the title role, supported in part by the youthful Salvatore Baccaloni, as Raimondo. Less than a decade later came the recording which, for nearly twenty years, was *the Lucia*: Parlophone's set with the sweet-voiced Lina Pagliughi (which still graces the Cetra catalogue).

Then in 1953 the most remarkable and satisfying *Lucia* ever committed to records appeared. Recorded at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino Festival, it featured Maria Callas and Giuseppe di Stefano in their debuts on the then-infant Angel label, memorably conducted by Tullio Serafin. The next three *Lucia* sets offered very little competition: Urania (Dolores Wilson and Gianni Poggi), Columbia (Lily Pons, past her prime, and Richard Tucker), and RCA Victor (Roberta Peters and Jan Peerce). Though there was much to admire in Mercury's *Lucia* (chiefly, Renata Scotto in the title role) and in Miss Callas's stereo remake of the opera, the original Angel set remained by far the winner.

Then came the version by the lady from Australia, Joan Sutherland, and for the first time the supremacy of the old Angel set (now available only on imported Odeon discs) was seriously challenged. Though Miss Sutherland lacked the deep dramatic penetration that made the Callas performance so treasured, she brought a vocal agility and dazzle that awed. Yet when the smoke of pro and con cleared, the first Angel set maintained the lead as a total performance, for Miss Sutherland's recording was blessed with neither a tenor the equal of the young di Stefano nor a conductor with the lyricism of Serafin.

This brings us to *Lucia* Number 10, and the first question is: Why another? We have *Lucia* in stereo, we have a version with only the slightest cuts, and we have recorded performances by both Callas and Sutherland. Victor's answer would seem to be that its set is absolutely complete and that it boasts Miss Moffo in the title role. The company is, to some degree, justified by the presence of Miss Moffo. She achieves a happy compromise between the dramatics of Miss Callas and the pyrotechnics of Miss Sutherland. She obviously understands and feels each word of the score, and has the dash and range to sing each note. Yet the key word is "compromise," and those who feel strongly about either the Callas or the Sutherland versions will not be touched by Miss Moffo's middle-of-the-road achievement. For myself, I feel that one can still admire a beautifully groomed and paced race horse even if it reaches the finish line several noses behind the winner.

As to completeness, this is a virtue that each listener must weigh for himself. I find many reinstated spots redundant, dry, and boring. The so-called storm scene between Edgardo and Enrico is, to my ears, particularly unnecessary. One point of pride that Victor can take in this latest *Lucia* is the superb Edgardo by Mr. Bergonzi, easily the finest since di Stefano's first venture in the part. His voice is smooth and honey-coated, and yet there is *brio* when needed. Mario Sereni, as Enrico, sounds better here than he does in the part at the Metropolitan, but he still does not manage to obtain even the so-so level reached by Robert Merrill for London. Ezio Flagello turns in the best Raimondo on discs, but no *Lucia* recording yet has stood or fallen on its Raimondo, I'm afraid. Incidentally, Miss Sutherland's partner from her complete *I puritani*, Pierre Duval, is heard in this set in a role more congenial to his talents: Arturo Bucklaw.

The only truly disappointing element in this most serviceable recording is the conducting by Mr. Prêtre. His hand is usually sure in the opera house, but here he fails to instill the music with an ebb and flow that will give it profile. His approach is more often than not tame, and this only dilutes a scene such as the second-act finale which should roar where here it only purrs. —JOHN ARDOIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: *Liebeslieder* and *Neue Liebeslieder Walzer*. Shaw Chorale, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Florence Kopleff, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Theodore Uppman, baritone; and Claude Frank and Lillian Kallir, pianists. RCA Victor LM 2864, $4.79; stereo LSC 2864, $5.79.	The justification for Shaw (in his prior recording, with Luboschutz and Nemenoff, as well as for others who sponsor the ensemble approach to these works) is Brahms's marking of the first set of *Liebeslieder* (Opus 52) "for piano, four hands, and voices ad lib." But, as Philip Miller says in his commentary, "The *Liebeslieder* are really vocal quartets with four-hand accompaniment." In issuing the *Neue Liebeslieder* half a dozen years later, Brahms removed the misleading "ad lib," leaving no doubt of the way he wanted the music performed. In any case, to double, triple, or quadruple the number of voices is to convert a personal sentiment into a group confessional, and a private emotion into a public one. Even the interpolated solos, by Mmes. Endich and Kopleff and Messrs. McCoy and Uppman, do not alter the emphasis. Shaw's direction has the musical qualities to be expected of him, but the initial error of approach can hardly be amended by the manner of its application. The best way to hear the work remains the quartet performance headed by Irmgard Seefried (DGG) in the absence of the even finer one by Elsie Morison, Marjorie Thomas, Richard Lewis and Donald Bell (with Vronsky and Babin) on Capitol 7189.
Brahms: Variations: On a Theme by Schumann, (Opus 9), On an Original Theme (Opus 21, No. 1) and On a Hungarian Song (Opus 21, No. 2). Julius Katchen, piano. London CM 9477, $4.79; stereo CS 6477, $5.79.	It is not only valuable to have these seldom-performed works available in performances of Katchen quality, but even more useful to have them together on a single record rather than being split up and dispersed among an infuriating mixture of more familiar pieces. That is an act of thoughtfulness for which London may be commended. However it cannot be commended for sponsoring a commentary by Ray Minshull which, after alluding to variations by Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, goes on to say: "What is surprising is the speed with which Brahms demonstrated his own mastery in this respect," referring to the publication of the Opus 9 when Brahms was only twenty-one. What is surprising, really, is that Minshull omits reference to the numerous and highly distinctive variations by Schumann himself (including the great *Etudes symphonique*) which appeared when Brahms was all of one year old). They are demonstrably the source of much of the writing heard on this disc, rather than those predecessors named by Minshull.
Chopin: Waltzes. Tamas Vàsàry, piano. DGG 036 485, $5.79; stereo 136 485, $5.79.	Taking everything together, this is the best version of the waltzes by a "new" pianist (that is, excluding such a master as Rubinstein) since Lipatti's in the early Fifties. It is no secret that Vàsàry is a magnificent technician, but he is in surer command of his resources than in most previous endeavors. What is most impressive is his ability to mix grace with velocity and feeling with speed so that display, *per se*, is never conspicuous. It is also a good omen for his future that the ebb and flow of emphasis doesn't recur in a mathematical pattern but emerges from a genuine identity with what he is performing. The sequence is taken as published, from the E flat (Opus 18) to the E major, Op. Posth.
Handel: *"Süsser Blumen Ambraflocken"; "Süsse Stille, samfte Quelle"; "Flammende Rose, Zierde der Erden"; "Das zitternde Glänzen"; "Die ihr aus dunkeln Grüften"; "Meine Seele hört im Sehen"; "In den angenehmen Büschen"; "Künft'ger Zeiten eitler Kummer";* and *"Singe, Seele, Gott zum Preise."* Elisabeth Speiser, soprano, with the Winterthurer Barock Quintett Turnabout TV 4024, $2.50; stereo TV 340245, $2.50.	On behalf of devout Handelians who might have long awaited issue of these nine "Hamburg" songs (so-called because they were composed when Handel visited that city en route from a visit to Italy in 1729) it might be noted that Speiser is a musicianly singer capable of performing the notes accurately. Others, however, will quickly lose interest because of her lack of ability to color the sound she produces, even more because of her lack of involvement with the sense of what she is singing. The accompanying performers (Martin Wendel, flute; Hans Steinbeck, oboe; George Raphael, violin; Oskar Birchmeier, harpsichord; and Manfred Sax, bassoon) are all proficient on their instruments, but the balance among them pays too little heed to the prominence appropriate to one or another obbligato in the various "arias." It is hardly helpful to reproduce the German texts without translation, or even a synopsis in English.
D'Indy: *Suite in Olden Style*. Harry Glantz, trumpet; Julius Baker and Claude Monteux, flutes; with the Guilet String Quartet and Philip Sklar, bass. Saint Saëns: Septet. Same ensemble minus flutes. Heliodor H 25012, $2.49; stereo HS 25012, $2.49.	Neither of these is a shining masterpiece, which makes improbable the likelihood of newer performances to surpass these re-issues from the MGM list. Of the two, the D'Indy has more musical interest, something more than the vacuity of content which characterizes the Saint-Saëns. In any case, the burden of interest is in the fine art of Glantz (an associate of Toscanini, both in the New York Philharmonic and NBC Orchestra until the latter was disbanded in 1954), the skillful techniques of his wind colleagues and Guilet's quartet. The total sound is somewhat livelier than it was in the close-up mike technique originally utilized. "Electrically enhanced for stereo" is a term of considerable latitude—and not much stereo separation—as applied here.
Ravel: *Gaspard de la nuit*. Debussy: *L'Isle joyeuse*. Chopin: Scherzo in F (Opus 54), Nocturne in B (Opus 62, No. 1). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London CM 9472, $4.79; stereo CS 6472, $5.79.	A silent, unseen participant in the quality results of this disc by Ashkenazy is the individual in the U.S.S.R.'s Foreign Office who decided, at some level or other, that it was better to permit the young master of the piano to follow his expressed desire to live in the West than to make a world scandal of his desire to do so. For it is improbable that he would have otherwise encountered the influences to make him, at this point in his career, as valid a spokesman for Ravel and Debussy as he is here. There are some temperamental adjustments to be made still to give his playing of *L'Isle joyeuse* the degree of relaxation and flexibility it merits, but the order of aptitude is exceptional. Similarly, the performance of *Gaspard de la nuit* is all splash and glitter, especially "Scarbo"; the colors a little pale, nevertheless. All the values wanted in Debussy and Ravel are present in Ashkenazy's Chopin, marvelous as ever; thus, it is a matter, simply, of transferring them from one context to another, rather than of bringing them into being. It doesn't strike me that London's reproduction of Ashkenazy's sound has the depth and resonance it possesses in concert here (which may be a matter of a different piano as well as the reproduction of it).
Rossini: Introduction and Variations. Fauré: Berceuse (Opus 16). Krumpholz: Sonata. Ibert: Entr'acte. Damase: Sonata; "Greensleeves" (Variations). Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Lily Laskine, harp. Epic LC 3917, $4.79; stereo BC 1317, $5.79.	If one can surmount the hazard to hearing imposed by the designation of this record as "Music by Candlelight" (I prefer Rossini at dawn, Krumpholz at noon and Damase at tea time) it can be enjoyed as a very delectable diversion indeed. Neither Rampal nor Laskine requires elaborate restatement of credentials, but together they create results on the order of the bygone René Le Roi and Marcel Moyse. The values in the Rossini, Fauré and Ibert are very much what one would expect from each of those composers, likewise Krumpholz (for those who know this disciple of Haydn as one of the earliest composers for the harp). However Jean-Michel Damase is a French composer in his late thirties who shows the influence of heredity (his father was a harpist) in his fluent, tasteful and delightfully sonorous work. I'd call this a record for all off hours, not merely for those that might be candlelit. —I.K.

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Dynamic Power

AN AUDIO AMPLIFIER's power output is quite legitimately a matter as much of definition as of measurement; the power measured depends upon the test conditions. The Institute of High Fidelity has just superseded its old Music Power standard for rating amplifiers with a standard giving a more complete and precise picture of amplifier performance. This new standard for the first time takes into account all four of the factors most affecting an amplifier's power rating.

Previous IHF standards have required that an amplifier's power output be specified in terms of its distortion at that power level, and this requirement is retained. A stereo amplifier can produce more power from one of its channels when the other is quiet than it can when both channels are operating at full capacity, and the new standard now takes this into account. An amplifier can produce more power for brief moments than it can continue to produce for any appreciable period, and this quality is more adequately measured by the new standard. And an amplifier's output will diminish at the extremes of its frequency range, a quality measured in both the old and new standards.

Two of these factors—the interaction between stereo channels and the difference between momentary and continuous power-output ability—are related to the quality of an amplifier's power supply, that section of its circuit which converts the 117-volt AC from the power lines to the various AC and DC voltages needed for the amplifier's internal workings. As an amplifier is called upon to produce more power, it increases its demand on the power supply. If this demand exceeds the power supply's ability to fulfil it, critical voltages drop to the point where distortion increases and power output falls off.

Both channels of a stereo amplifier rely upon a single power supply. As one channel demands more from the power supply, less is left to feed the other; the output of one is a limiting factor upon the output of the other. The new IHF standard at last takes this into account: output power is specified in watts per channel with *both* channels handling the same signal.

When an amplifier passes a signal strong enough to cause a drop in its power supply voltages, this drop does not occur immediately. If the signal peak has passed before the drop occurs, then the smaller signals following the peak will be relatively unaffected. Even when the amplifier is called upon to handle a steady signal at high power, there is a moment when it passes the signal cleanly, before distortion and power loss set in.

This momentary capacity of an amplifier is important, since most music and speech signals are made up of precisely such brief peaks; but it is hard to measure this capacity directly. The IHF Music Power Rating standard called for artificially maintaining the amplifier's supply voltages constant while measurements were made, simulating over a convenient test period that moment before the power supply begins to falter.

The new standard, renamed "Dynamic Power," includes both this Music Power test and a new "transient distortion" test that directly measures the amplifier's momentary signal-handling capacity.

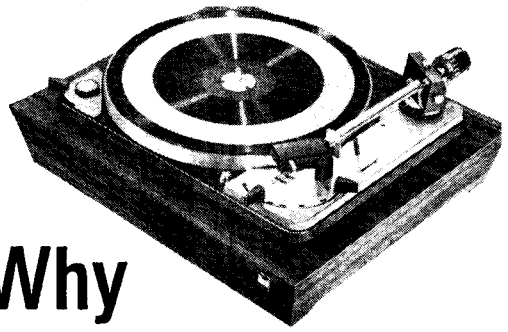
In this test, a standard signal whose shape simulates the attack time of musical and speech waveforms is fed to the amplifier, and the distortion is measured during the first hundredth of a second or so after the output reaches its maximum value.

The results of both the constant-supply and transient-distortion tests are compared, and the Dynamic Power rating of the amplifier is determined by which test shows the worst result.

Continuous power output—defined as the power an amplifier can deliver for at least thirty seconds—is still included in the new IHF standard. This rating will always be lower than the Dynamic Power rating, but the better the power supply in any amplifier, the closer its continuous and dynamic power ratings will be.

A third specification, power bandwidth, states the frequency limits within which an amplifier can maintain its rated power within three db. This is important, because given two amplifiers with the same power output in the middle of the audio frequency spectrum, one may be incapable of reproducing loud bass tones which the other can handle easily at full volume. Though both power bandwidth and frequency response are specified in cycles per second they are not to be confused. An amplifier may have a frequency response of 5-40,000 cps (or 5-40,000 Hz.) at perhaps one watt of output, yet have a power bandwidth of only 30-15,000 Hz. in advertisements.

—IVAN BERGER.



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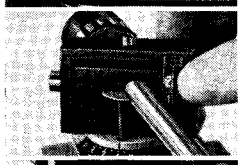

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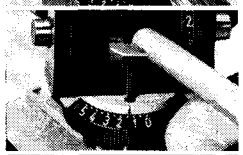

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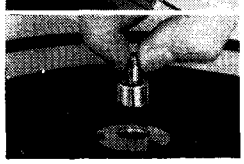

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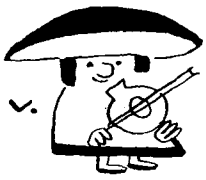
Webern

Continued from page 49

and ridiculed and attacked by nearly all the music critics. We all believed in Mahler's famous dictum: "I run with my head against the wall, but it is the wall which will crack."

It is my sincere hope that, before it is too late, a chronicler may be found to record how much Vienna owed to Webern, in the years between the wars, for his activities in maintaining the contact with contemporary music, while those whose duty it was to keep up these contacts failed to fulfil their obligations. The lights went out for Webern when Schoenberg left Europe and Berg died. From then on he seems to have walked in a dark cloud. The last message I received was a postcard in the late summer of 1939. It began: *Ja, mein Lieber, es ist ganz anders gekommen, als wir uns es vorgestellt haben* ("Yes, my dear fellow, things have taken a turn quite different from what we had expected"). For him the dark cloud did not disperse and vanish with the end of the war. His end came like the inevitable death of the hero in a tragedy.

There is, to my mind, one lesson which the younger generation should learn from Webern: the wide range of his taste, not only in the music of the past but, more significantly, in contemporary music. For him only one criterion existed in judging a composition: he must feel that what was expressed was true. Let me give one example. When we first met, Webern was strongly impressed by Richard Strauss; Mahler's music did not appeal to him. However, as soon as he had grasped its profound sincerity, Mahler's music, so opposed to his own, grew on him and he became one of its most enthusiastic exponents.



This same criterion of truth must be applied to Webern's own music. It is not its novelty, its construction, its elaborate twelve-tone technique that makes it so "remarkable"—to use the word in its old sense. It is the uncompromising sincerity of Webern's music that gives it so prominent a place in our time.

This is the portrait of Webern that I have carried with me since the days of our youth. He was one of the last musicians of a great tradition—a great Austrian, and fully aware of this spiritual inheritance, like Rainer Maria Rilke and like his favorite poet Georg Trakl. An Austrian, who knew all the obstacles, all the enmities, all the jealousies to which he was exposed by living and working in Vienna, but in spite of all that, carried on, saying *dennoch* ("nevertheless"). He was aware that fame would come only after his death—and so it was. Fame came abundantly when the book of life was closed.

3. *Last Months in Mittersill*

By CESAR BRESGEN

IT WAS in the last four months of Anton von Webern's life that by a strange chance I became his neighbor in Mittersill—the neighbor of the modest house "Burg 31" into which Webern had moved on his flight from Vienna. The rooms were as humble as could be, but hospitable. They overlooked a path of open fields bounded by steeply graded mountain slopes; even in the depth of summer a frosty breath from the gleaming snowfields penetrated to the valley.

When, in May of 1945, a few days before the capitulation, I first visited Webern, he gave the impression of grave illness. He had stomach trouble, and almost every means for real treatment was lacking. And yet Webern recovered relatively quickly from all his recent hardships, the months-long deprivations and concerns. The atmosphere of the high mountain air restored Webern visibly, as he himself admitted. It was like a real breath of relief, which expressed itself, too, in the fact that he resumed the thought of future creation. It seems certain that Webern committed no works to paper at that time. Yet I still remember distinctly that he was repeatedly busy at a shabby little table with pencil and compass, occupied with geometrical figures or lines and signs. He explained to me once, too, that he no longer needed to hear his work performed; the work sounded "in itself"—he himself could hear it completely with his inner ear.

From time to time one would see Webern walking alone in the wonderful evergreen forests above the Castle Mittersill; there one finds broad forest floors with a rich carpeting of moss and fascinating glimpses of the Hohen Tauern. In this lonely period I liked to go mushroom hunting, and occasionally my path crossed Webern's. One evening, about ten days before Webern's death, has remained especially in my memory. The master admired the contents of my well-filled basket, in which lay some rare and interesting mushrooms. Obviously stirred by the sight, he spoke admiringly of the rich variety of forms in nature. We fell to contemplating the remarkable qualities of fungi, mosses, and lichens, and I still remember that point in our conversation at which Webern broke off to

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scrutinize a curious lichen that had so covered a large stone that it looked like an etching. This extraordinary, veined network both moved one to reflection and was somehow touching: after all, it was a part of life, growing organically according to a design, indebted to a higher and hidden reason.

Webern's very touching joy in the little wonders of nature, especially in the world of vegetation, was known to all who came close to him. Characteristic was the long contemplation of things, the immersion of himself in them; thus, when he observed a fern or a mountain flower, it was preferably in its habitat.

At this time we also had a conversation about the Gregorian chant. One must bear in mind that it is scarcely possible to speak of any real Gregorian tradition in such places in Austria. The church choirs content themselves with the usual *Landmessen*, polyphonic jetsam of the nineteenth century. But I made the attempt, with the church choir then entrusted to me at Mittersill, to introduce at early mass a certain amount of Gregorian chant. Webern took especial delight in this, so that several times he appeared at such an early mass. Not only was he a considerable connoisseur of Gregorian chant, but he esteemed it altogether highly. After one such mass he said: "At last a pure line once more, this glorious monody. . . . It is quintessential music, complete in itself."

No one would have thought that just a few days after this conversation a Gregorian mass would be the last music to envelop Webern's mortal remains. In the plain little Baroque church at Mittersill, five persons followed the progress of that Requiem mass sung by the celebrant Dean Ehrenstrasser, his assistant, and myself. Outside there was again that radiant sky, and early snow lay on the mountains. Quietly, and unspoiled by noisy or impure distractions, this hour produced a lasting impression in the memory. Beyond the churchyard wall, people passed as always: townsfolk, peasants, children, soldiers of the Occupation, refugees, and beggars. But beside the open grave stood the five persons, and sought consolation in the rite, fulfilled, as it has ever been in all times, by the priest and his assistants.

I cannot conclude these remarks without recollecting gratefully the tolerance that was ingrained in Webern and that never failed to amaze—a tolerance toward other contemporaries as well as past epochs and masters. Two or three times Webern attended the little recitals held in our neighboring abode. A violinist, who also had found his way hither as a refugee from Vienna, and I shared the modest programs: old classics, Mozart, perhaps Hindemith and Debussy —nothing more was to be expected. Webern came as a grateful listener. Of course, he proceeded from the premise that a completely new development of music would now begin. The future composer would, however, grasp this "newness" of his own accord, would "breathe this fresh morning air and absorb it as a matter of course." "In fifty years at the most," he said, "everyone will experience this music as *their* innate music: yes, even for children it will be accessible . . . people will sing it." There could be no compromises for Webern; but respect for those who thought differently distinguished him and determined his image as a man. It is an image of goodness, of modesty, but at the same time of awareness of what is transitory, of suffering, and of renunciation.

Yet, in conversation, this image was intensified by a pride born of his conviction of the rightness of his new musical standpoint, and the permanence of his thought in the sense of a doctrine. Then the countenance of the man would light up in a strange way, such as is accorded only to those who know ultimate truth.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Aut Cage, Aut Nihil

OLIVER DANIEL's article in the April 30 issue ["The Science of Saying Nothing"], regarding the most publicized non-talent of our time—John Cage—is revealing in that it demonstrates how sick a society is when it throws its support to the sterile noise-makers rather than those of talent and integrity.

Mr. Daniel appears to be captivated by the man who has "nothing to say," lauding him as one who is a "true creator" possessing "an original mind." If saying nothing is the earmark of a creator one would assume that anyone and everyone is an artist, including my Grandma Julia—whose noises in the kitchen would be a delight to Mr. Daniel's tired old ears.

Mr. Daniel informs us that Cage has ". . torn apart the structures of the past." Funny, but I do not recall this as being a prerequisite for good music. Schubert, Brahms, and Prokofiev seemed to do all right without resorting to such disdainful violence, and I daresay there are others, today, who are doing so. Of course, they are ostracized and forced to take a back seat to those who are gradually replacing talent with audacity—and integrity with contempt.

It's a sad state of affairs, indeed, when mediocrity is praised for being mediocre—and talent is scorned for being talented.

HARRY ATWOOD.

Tucson, Ariz.

Tympani in Mahler

AS A CLEVELAND Orchestra season-ticket holder, I was interested in your review of the orchestra's recording of Mahler's Fourth Symphony.

When you speak of George Szell's having perceived that the tympani have a *melodic* as well as rhythmic function, it should be noted that Szell's tympanist, Cloyd Duff, like the other Cleveland Orchestra principals, has an unusual ability to realize the full musical implications of everything he plays.

Granting Szell's perception, it is Duff's delivery that comes through in the Mahler Fourth. And I am sure that Mr. Szell would agree.

WILLIAM D. FISSINGER.

Cleveland, O.

Nilsson, Artist

IT OCCURS to this reader that Mr. David Linthicum [SR, LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Mar. 26] never saw Mme. Nilsson on the operatic stage. I should like to advise him to see Mme. Nilsson as *Salome*, for example. Furthermore, I suggest that Mr. Linthicum consider the following dictionary definition of the word artist: "Person who is skilled in any of the fine arts, such as sculpture, music, or literature—who does work with skill and good taste."

Needless to say, Mme. Nilsson is an outstanding artist by all standards.

MARGUERITE THUEMMLER.

Port Washington, N.Y.

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PORT WASHINGTON, L.I., near water, NYC. New home, beautifully furnished. June 20th-August 20th, $675. 54 Fairfield Avenue. 516-883-8488.

TRURO, PAMET RIVER. Charm, 4 bedrooms. July-August. One family. $1,500. Ball Real Estate, Provincetown.

PENOBSCOT BAY, MAINE. Contemporary fully equipped summer home. Complete privacy on acres of wooded shore. Country and yacht club nearby. Available July or August. $500. Write or call H. K. Klunder, 20 Occum Ridge, Hanover, N.H. Phone 603-643-4182.

LOS ANGELES. Pool, 5 bedrooms, near beaches. August. $450. SR Box T-12.

MAINE. Large comfortable cottage. Private beach lakeside. 45 minutes Portland. $600 month. June, July. References. Box T-26.

MENEMSHA, MASSACHUSETTS—Secluded, sleeps 6, simple, spacious. July and/or August. 914-CR 1-4425.

NEW STUDIO COTTAGE, beautifully decorated, beside brook on Catskill farm. Trout stream, lake, woods, complete privacy. 2 hours NYC, 15 minutes Monticello. $1,200 to October. 212-639-5467 mornings, 914-434-4539 weekends.

MURRAY BAY, CANADA—summer cottage, lady or young couple. View St. Lawrence. Golf. $150 monthly. Botsford, business 212-YU 6-3200.

SAN FRANCISCO AREA—Saratoga home, mountainside isolation, all electric, inside-outside deck, magnificent vista of South Bay. Couple, August, $225. Box T-21.

PRIVACY—WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, area. Restored farmhouse. June-Labor Day. 500 acres. Donald Schindler, Millington, N.J.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

EFFICIENCY. $50 monthly. Student neighborhood. Write: Box 122, 4423 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104.

For Rent—Furnished

PARIS—LEFT BANK, to let furnished, 5 room apartment, one year or more from September 1st. Box S-919.

VERMONT—Beautiful Magic Mountain (750 acres). Apartments, Chalets—weekly, monthly, season. Peace and beauty. Swiming pool, fishing pond, tennis courts on premises. Golf, other sports nearby. Inquire Magic Mountain, Londonderry, Vermont 05148.

505 EAST 79th STREET, NYC. Furnished 2½, sundeck. Inquire doorman.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box S-913.

MANHATTAN, EAST 90s, July-August. 5 rooms, antique furniture, reasonable. References. Box S-370.

RHODE ISLAND—5 room apartment, 17th century home, near Mt. Hope Bay, Newport festivals, beaches. Adults. Box S-957.

MANHATTAN (NEAR COLUMBIA)—Beautiful large 2 bedroom apartment, June 20th-August 30th, $230 month. Air-conditioning, piano, dishwasher. 3-D, 380 Riverside Drive.

SOUTH VILLAGE, NYC. Charming street, 3½ room, floor through, handsomely furnished, modest art collection. June 1st-Labor Day, $675. 212-AL 5-8481.

NYC—July-August. Suitable for two. Commodious 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, wide skyline view. Box T-35.

MANHATTAN, EAST 60s. 5 rooms, 2 baths, new air-conditioned building, doormen. July-August, $325 monthly. Box T-45.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

501 EAST 79th, NYC. 3 room cooperative—unusual harmonic large living, spacious bedroom. Quiet, light, centrally air-conditioned, etc. Maintenance $150, reasonably priced. 212-AG 9-2533.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

UNUSUAL SEMI-SHARE for summer or longer. Female. Charmingly furnished 2½, Washington Square area, NYC. Air-conditioned. Owner mostly away all summer. Reasonable. References exchanged. Box T-31.

APARTMENT FOR EXCHANGE

LONDON—offer lovely Hyde Park apartment (1 or 2 bedrooms) for equivalent in excellent section of Manhattan. October and November. Box S-965.

STUDIO FOR RENT

PHOTO STUDIO to share—15' x 16'. West 56th Street, NYC. 212-PL 7-0519.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Breathtaking views of ponds and ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. $8,000-$25,000. NORTH SHORE ESTATE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA—endless mountains, lakefront and lakeview lots on deep lake planned to conserve unusual natural beauty—20 minutes from end of turnpike. J. Mark Robinson, RD 5, Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania 18657. 717-836-8800.

VERMONT LAND LOVERS: Tree farming is out, speculation in. If you want part of what remains, write Box S-399.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

NOVA SCOTIA. 1-3 acre oceanfront retreats on beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own private beach. Unusual opportunity for investment or summer homesite—not distant but different! Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

1,500 WILDLIFE ACRES, valuable timber, pond, etc. 1783 authentic Colonial. Request brochure. Trachy Agency, Franklin, N.H.

(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 928-Y, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

CAMP FOR SALE

MAINE—On secluded lake in Rangeley region. Capacity 170. Equipped, ready for immediate occupancy. Suitable for boys' or girls' camp. Main lodge has dining hall and recently installed all-modern kitchen facilities—refrigerators, ranges, dishwashers, etc. Housing in cabins and cottages. 50 acres including playing fields for all sports. Large additional acreage adjoining available. 2,800 ft. beautiful shorefront. To be sold at bargain price due to death of owner-operator. $35,000 to $65,000 depending how much shorefront, housing, acreage desired. Financing available. May be seen any time. Easily accessible. For photos, full description, write, phone or see S. C. Noyes Co., Rangeley, Maine. Brokers protected.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

CANOE. HIKE. FLY remote Adirondack regions, boys 11-15, inexpensive. Timberlock Voyageurs, Indian Lake, Sabael, N.Y.

HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program provides constructive adventuresome experiences. 20th summer. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

CAMP BIOTA—Fun. Knowledge. Adventure. Natural Science. Academically talented boys, 9-14. Six weeks. Swimming, canoeing, riding, creative crafts, wilderness survival. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee. Call NAshville 766-2494.

PORTAGE RIVER, boys 9-12 (6 boys)—June 27th-July 28th; August 1st-September 4th. Canoeing, geology, photography, swimming, astronomy, fishing for Atlantic salmon, trophy brook trout, giant pike. Northern Quebec and Labrador. Cabins, tents. Trips in Beaver float planes to remote waters. Films and slides. No regimentation. Doctor on call. Transportation from NYC. Telephone 212-822-1032.

SURF RUN HAWAII—Supervised surfing vacation this August. Write soon, Mr. Roger Harris, Claremont Men's College, Claremont, California 91717.

EUROPEAN CAMP—Switzerland. Coed. 6-16. French language instruction. Sports. Excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

VACATIONS

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 24th-October 13th. Color folder.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12.50-$16.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

LAKE PLACID has Art, Music and Theater colonies, fabulous scenery, summer ice skating, water sports, golf courses. We have adequate library, heated pool, unrivaled bar (59 beers, 40 Scotches, 200 wines), exotic meals, art gallery, all modern conveniences. Jack 'n Gretel Wikoff, co-conspirators. SUN & SKI LODGE, Lake Placid, N.Y. 12946.

VACATIONS

EVERY SEASON there's a reason. Fishing, boating, hunting, skiing. Pleasant Mt. Chair Lift. For FREE booklet write Box 236E, Chamber of Commerce, Bridgton, Maine.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Now is the time—crowds gone, rates down, weather is fine. Cable Beach Manor Apartment Hotel—each has kitchen, bath, veranda, air-conditioning. 1-2-3 rooms. Private beach, double $70 week. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

FOR DELIGHTFUL, TALENTED, creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

YORK HARBOR GUEST QUARTERS—Pleasant lodgings. Early Maine seacoast homestead overlooking yacht basin and ocean. For brochure and rates: Harriette Lusty, York, Maine.

QUIMBY'S CLUB AND INN—Opening mid-June—"Unspoiled Wilderness" — Uncrowded lake area — Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts, children's counselors. Saddle horses extra. Golf nearby. Write for color folder, Averill 4, Vermont.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

THE DANA PLACE—completely New England, in the White Mountain National Forest. An informal inn for those who prefer something special in cuisine, atmosphere and people. Exciting mountain climbing on the Presidential Range, leisurely walks, swimming, all-weather tennis courts, golf privileges, music and reading library, afternoon tea and cocktails on The Terrace. Folder available. R. P. Whipple, Innkeeper, Jackson 3, N.H.

MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $65.50 to $75. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

MAINE COAST'S BEST! Four safe, sandy beaches. Surf bathing. Sailing. Deep-sea fishing. Golfing. Yacht and boat facilities. Smart shops. Historic Colonial Village accommodations for all tastes and budgets. For details, write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

HERITAGE HILL, Holland—Colonial Country Inn. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

ESCAPIST'S ISLAND. Completely informal. Good table. Private baths. Interesting people. Scenery. Do nothing or bird, fish, sun, swim, snorkel, sail. Thousands of flamingos, reef fishes and breezes. Low weekly rates, air fares. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 1, Netherlands Antilles.

IN THE HEART of historic and scenic Vermont. An exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Well-appointed, immaculate. Elevator, sprinkler, golf, heated pool, shuffleboard, garden, stream. Fine food, wines, liquors. Scenic mountain lake drives, trails. Antiques, country auctions, cookouts. Memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 3, Vermont.

VACATIONS

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small. Secluded. Informal. Brochure.

THERE'S A PLACE you'll like—white sand beaches—uncrowded Island—nice. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

THE YODLER—Marvelous fun, quiet relaxation. Heated pool. Stowe, Vermont.

CAREFREE. Your cottage in lakeshore pines. Delicious food, good beds, fireplaces, sailboats, sundecks, sauna, lobster bakes, fishing, water skiing, canoe trips, tennis. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Naples 7, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Telephone 617-546-6321.

IN MAGNIFICENT COLORADO, it's Craig's Wilderness Trails Dude Ranch for western fun, relaxation. Horseback riding in "Switzerland of America." Pack trips, fishing, children's program. Top AAA. Color brochure. Box B, Bayfield, Colorado.

WALKER'S WRINKLE—Brooklin, Maine 04616. Unusual cuisine, comfortable accommodations, roam 73 acres.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

DELUXE OUTFITTING for unique, exciting wilderness canoe trips. Friendly, detailed planning for experts and beginners. Gunflint Northwoods Outfitters, Grand Marais 14, Minnesota.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA Mobile Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

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VACATIONS

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $13.50-$25.50 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

"AMERICA BY CAR" names best places to eat and stay. Scenic routes, parks, historic sights. 170,000 word book. Only $2.50! International, Box 11796, Atlanta 5, Georgia.

PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

QUIET VACATION on Vermont hilltop surrounded by mountains and flower gardens. Excellent library. Especially good food. Rates, $70 a week. Mansfield Farm, Londonderry, Vermont 05148.

TWIN BROOK FARM, near Finger Lakes. Home baking. Family groups welcome. Mrs. Gerald Stone, McGraw, N.Y.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

PEACE—REST—REJUVENATION. Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

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HISTORIC ENGLAND—seven weeks, July 5th-August 21st. The Shapley Schools offer a comprehensive Lecture and Touring Program throughout the British Isles. Projects in the Creative Arts. College students earn credits in English History and Literature. Special section for High School groups. Coeducational. For information write to: Association for Study and Travel, 610 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10020. Telephone 212-245-3560.

LIVE, TRAVEL, STUDY in Mexico. 6 weeks—June 18th-July 30th. Enriching experience for high school students interested in Spanish (12 boys, 12 girls). First class accommodations. Inclusive fee — $825. Write: Horizon School, Box 17680, Memphis, Tennessee 38117.

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TRAVEL

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

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SAILING SCHOONER, Stella Boreas, cruising coast of Maine, Nova Scotia, Bay of Fundy, Grand Manan. Campobello Islands. Departing Rockland, Maine, each Monday morning, June 13th-September 12th. Accommodations $150-$200 for the week-long sail. Reservations confirmed with $50 deposit. Address Captain Jotham Crane, Northcruise, Ltd., Dept S, Rockland, Maine.

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BE OUR GUEST, guided tours, Boston area. SR Box S-351.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

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TRAVEL

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

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FOR A VACATION THAT LASTS, Rancho La Puerta, across the Mexican border in Tecate, Baja California, provides neo-rustic setting with complete accoutrements of health spa and family vacation resort. Vegetarian diet, special reducing dining room; fun exercise classes, fully equipped gym. Massage, facial department; beauty room. Riding, sports, craft classes, organized evening entertainment, etc. Guests may use optional clock schedule to ensure full, busy days. Guaranteed weight loss. Utter relaxation. New-found vitality. Rates nominal and phenomenal—$10 per day and up, three meals, all-inclusive. Only in Mexico. Staff of 100 for 150 guests. As featured editorially in LIFE, VOGUE. Operated by same management as deluxe Golden Door. See Chapter Seven, Doing it by Osmosis, in current best-seller, Overweight Society. New color brochure, write Rancho Vacation, Tecate, California. Telephone 354-1005.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1677

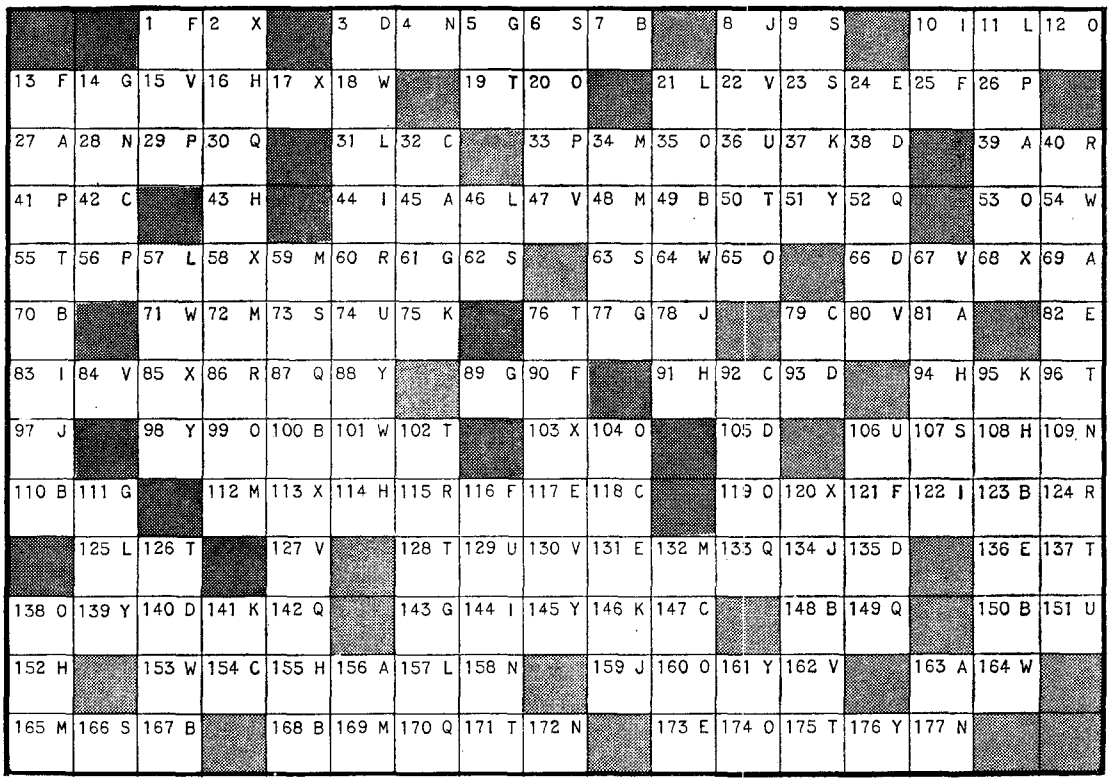
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Something usually considered buried by reconciled combatants.	156 45 27 69 39 81 163
B. An ordinary (3 Fr. wds. long since adopted into English).	150 100 148 168 110 7 70 123 49 167
C. Persistent seeker after the subject of Plato's *Symposium* and *Phaedrus*.	32 118 147 92 154 79 42
D. One of your dog's vestigial thumbnails.	38 93 3 140 135 105 66
E. A common emetic.	131 117 24 82 173 136
F. Specifying important *Act* fathered by President McKinley, as a Congressman, ten years before his election as chief executive.	121 116 25 1 13 90
G. Foreshadowing a menacing future.	89 143 14 61 77 5 111
H. The giving of evidence in a suit to destroy the effect of previous evidence.	114 152 94 16 155 91 43 108
I. The language proper to a tongue, community, class, etc.	144 10 122 83 44
J. One of those present when the *Jackdaw of Rheims* sat on the Cardinal's chair (*Ingoldsby Legends*).	134 78 8 159 97
K. Half the meaning of *Jabberwocky's* word for *slithy*, acc'g to Humpty-Dumpty (*Through the Looking-Glass*).	37 141 75 146 95
L. Token of God's covenant with Noah acc'g to *Genesis*.	57 21 11 46 125 157 31
M. Forcible; positive.	169 59 112 34 48 165 72 132
N. An orderly process.	109 177 172 28 4 158
O. Light, funny, musical work for the stage (2 Fr. wds.).	35 160 99 53 119 174 20 138 104 12 65
P. Edmund Burke's word for prospect at the end of which the French revolutionists could "see nothing but the gallows."	41 56 33 26 29
Q. Wrathfully.	133 87 170 30 149 142 52
R. Common aphetic form of a word meaning *lower than*.	124 60 40 86 115
S. U.S. Army officer who served as chief engineer on the Panama Canal Commission, 1907-1914.	73 107 9 62 166 63 6 23
T. One segment of the charming book for children by Kipling, 1902 (3 wds.).	128 175 96 55 102 137 171 19 50 76 126
U. Exclamation indicating affirmative answer (comp.).	129 74 106 36 151
V. Courageous small hound originating in Germany which makes a fine house-dog.	130 27 15 80 22 67 84 162 47
W. Metal eyelet, used along edges of sails, etc.	64 101 164 71 153 54 18
X. Act of choosing.	58 17 113 120 2 68 103 85
Y. Combined effective action of muscles, organs, etc., or of two or more drugs.	176 98 139 161 51 145 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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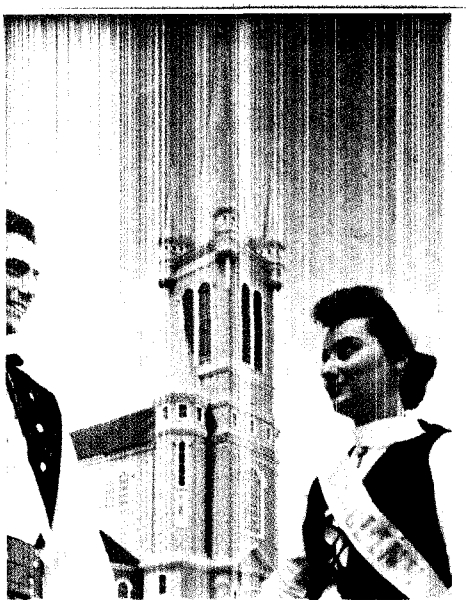
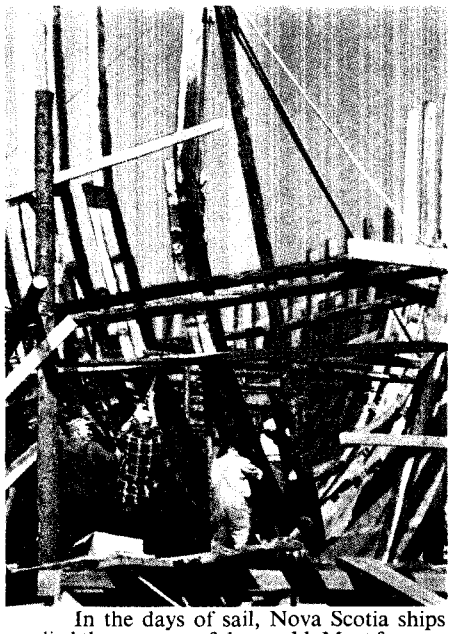


The Acadian Festival of Clare (August 10-15) commemorates the story of Gabriel and Evangeline, immortalized in Longfellow's poem. The descendants of the early Acadians live along the western shore, whose villages are dominated by distinctive churches, such as this one at Church Point.

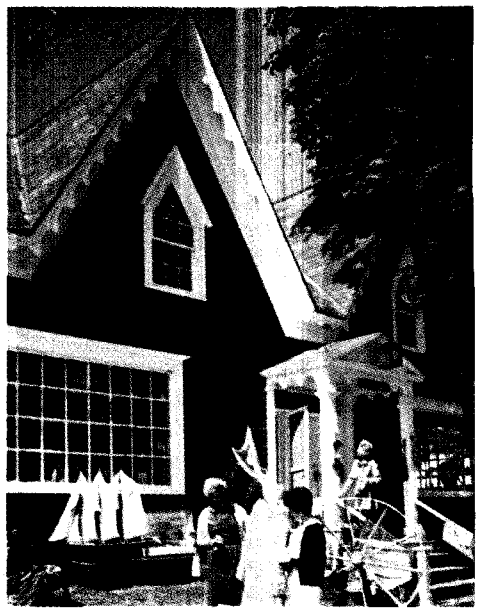
Fisherman have been reaping the bounty from Nova Scotia waters for nearly 500 years. There's no better place to enjoy the rich harvest of the sea. Throughout the province, you'll find ocean-fresh seafood on the daily menu, including cod, halibut, haddock, mackerel, lobster and famed Digby scallops.

Nearly 200 years ago the first Scottish settlers arrived in Nova Scotia. Today, in Pictou and Antigonish counties and in Cape Breton, you'll see the flash of tartans, hear the skirl of pipes. "Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland." Many still 'have the Gaelic' in this province of New Scotland.



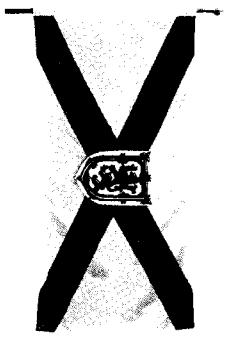
In the days of sail, Nova Scotia ships plied the seaways of the world. Most famous ship of all was the schooner *Bluenose*. You can board her namesake (and exact replica), *Bluenose II*, if you travel along the coast of this seafaring province this summer.

The Junior Bengal Lancers perform the intricate manoeuvres of their musical ride. You may see this crack team of young Halifax equestrians during your stay. Nova Scotia's summer is crowded with exciting events. Write for the "Calendar of Events," and start planning your Nova Scotia holiday.



Down through the generations, Nova Scotians have retained the skills of their ancestors. In gift shops and artists' colonies, and at the Festival of the Arts, Tatamagouche (August 12-14), you'll see examples of their artistry—wood-carving, ship models, woven rugs, pottery and wrought-iron work.

We also have jets, TV, computers and hi-fi. Doesn't everyone?



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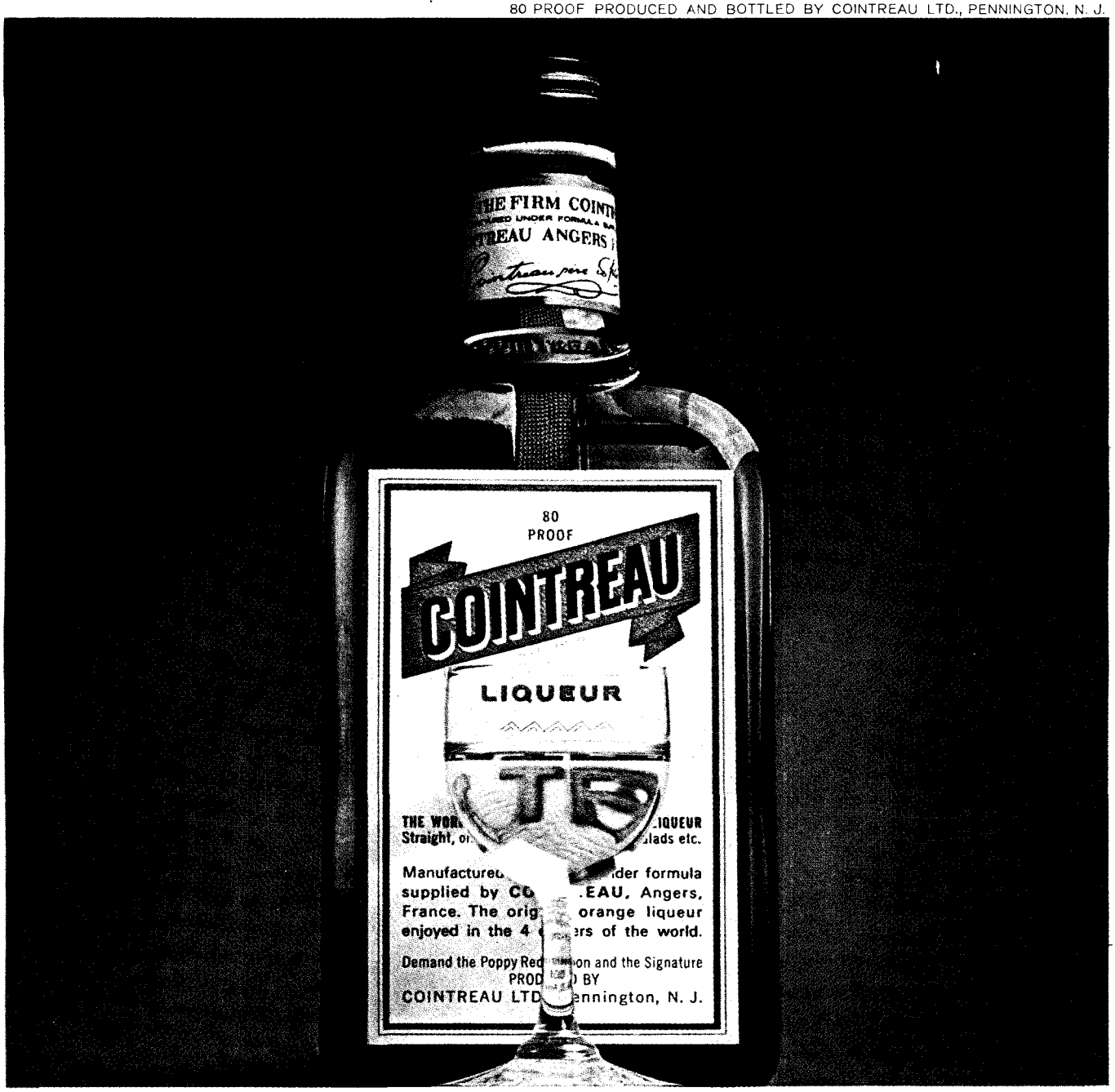

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